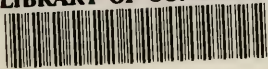


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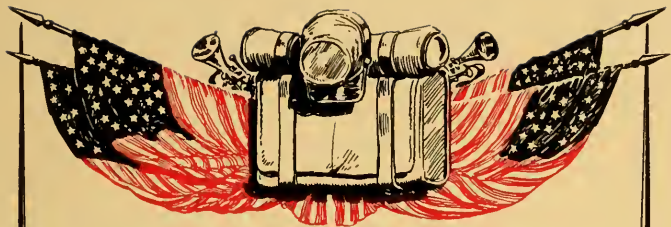




LAST DAYS
OF LINCOLN
AND
LYRICAL SKETCHES



John Wingearce Jr.



LAST DAYS OF LINCOLN

AND

LYRICAL
SKETCHES

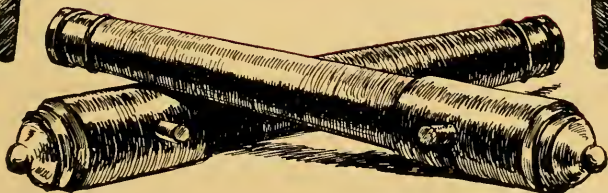
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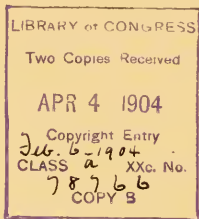
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FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS

LAIRD & LEE
CHICAGO
1904



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by E. W. Hoehn

Allen E. Philbrick

and

Frank Turner Godfrey

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TO MY WIFE.

There is no dream that I could dream
That's half so sweet as dreams of you ;
There is no thought that I can think
That can compare with thoughts of you ;
I have no hope that I can hope
That's half so dear as hopes of you ;
There is no life that's half the life
My life has been for love of you.

LAST DAYS OF LINCOLN.

When on that April night of long ago,
From fiend incarnate fell the dastard blow
Whose agony more cruelly was felt
By millions than by him the blow was dealt ;

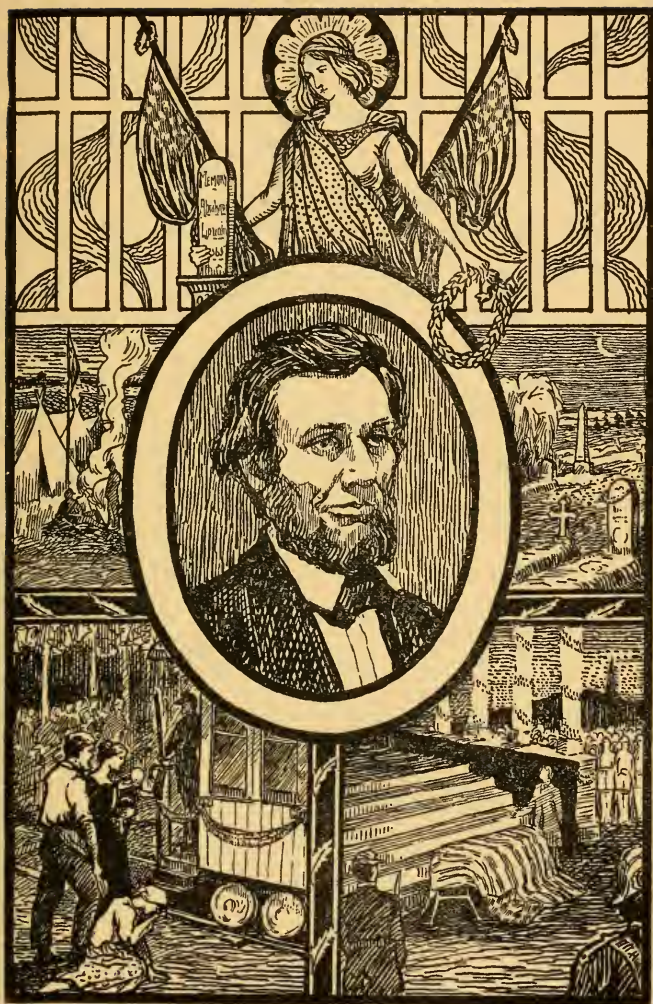
A doubting silence spread its lightning wing
O'er farm and city, tingeing everything
With that deep melancholy which the dead,
Immortal martyrs in their passing shed.

One drop of blood, soaked from the marble stair
Up which they carried him, to languish there,
By simple child, on paper, in a trice
Changed hands a hundred times at fab'lous price.

The banners of victorious hosts that threw
Their joyous tale to every wind that blew,
Were stripped, dishonored, in next morning's
 glow,
Displaced by the dread draperies of woe.

With bended heads, white faces and knit brows,
All men left their appointed tasks ; and vows
Sworn vehemently, touched the pallid lip ;
And hand to hand pledged vengeance in its grip.

The approaching day of God stirred memories
That ne'er had wakened till the souls of these,
Disrupt from their exceeding calm of peace,
Were born again, as was the art of Greece.



All knew then he had loved them, though unknown;

Each felt the sad bereavement as his own;
The conquerors grew helpless in their loss;
The foe forgiven feared a sterner cross.

And yet the crisis passed, because his love
Reflected that of purest Heaven above;
And angered men were lenient, knowing not
Their mercy was of Lincoln's heart begot.

And now minds tasked their ingenuity
To honor him who in so full degree
Had drained the font of prophecy, to lead
His children to their promised land of meed.

The soldiers of the rival arms excelled
In pouring out the reverence each held
For him who taught the bleeding heart to dwell
More fondly on the fields where heroes fell.

Yet not to its last resting place forlorn
Was the dumb clay of this sad minstrel borne;
But at his feet his lovèd son was laid;
Nor death had for his prayers its sickle stayed.

Bare-head round solemn catafalque there passed
Both young and old, all weeping; while, enmassed
In every distant hamlet, friend and foe
Wreathed immortelles of thought upon his brow.

Came then the bitter parting when his form,
Close-watched by veterans of war's dark storm,
Swift-coursing with the train's cold, iron roar,
Left the fair Capitol 'twould grace no more.

'Neath arches built by reverent hearts it sped,
Past beacon lights adoring hands had fed;
By town and farm, and in woods lonely-placed,
The people kneeled and prayed, as past them
raced

All that their mourning eyes might ever see
Of him whose fame survives eternity:
Nor rain, nor darkness broke the faithful line
Of worshipers of this tried soul divine.

In each great city where his body lay
Imposing in its state, there flocked by day
Uncounted myriads from miles around,
Whose dirgeful tread through midnight shook
the ground.

The negro, yet untaught to sell his vote,
To freedom new, from slavery not remote,
Sobbed miserably above the fading face
Of him who broke the shackles from his race.

The soldier, who had naught but honor left,
His body racked with wounds, his fortune cleft
In twain a thousand times by brave neglect,
Grieved that he died not with this chief elect.

Near early scenes of boyhood's simple sighs,
In silence and with blind, unseeing eyes,
He homeward drew at last, to rest among
The willows where his youthful harp had hung.

Here tears were real indeed, hearts broken quite,
And memories awakened in the night;
Each hearth was haunted by a ghost unknown,
And terror claimed his comrades for its own.

Through devious saddened wanderings this man
Had drifted back to where his toil began;
But history and right had both been blest
By him before his spirit found its rest.

'Neath dedicated shaft, in hallowed spot,
His lineaments were laid away to rot;
But rust cannot corrode the good he did,
And from the eye of God no grace is hid.

Within a wood where once a village stood,
A lonely grave-stone marks a womanhood
Long since elapsed and gone the eternal way;
Nor greatness could, nor love, its glory stay.

And on that tomb, neglected and forgot,
Is writ in letters that have perished not
"Anne Rutledge,"—sweetest name man ever
knew—

And 'neath this simple name is sculpt': "Here too

My heart lies buried, Abraham Lincoln"—true
To his first love, as to his love of truth,
He left hope's light undimmed where'er he trod,
And told his own despair alone to God.

Such treasures are the wealth of nations held
In single hands that have the power to weld
Affection with the great affairs of life,
Yet falter not when fratricide is rife.

No longer doubt and sneers and hatred reign:
Let charity, of malice shorn, remain,
The greatest monument man ever reared
To him who loved and fought, but *never feared*.

HELEN.

Oh! may thy poorest hopes ne'er die
But e'en in death to multiply,
And may no sad thoughts bed with thee
To mar thy dreams' felicity:
Dear, may thine wak'ning eyes behold
A green world bathed in mists of gold,
Where fancy wanders far from care,
And all thy youthful idols are.
And, Helen, on thy form and face
May beauty all its madness trace
Forever, and no touch of time
Defile thy nature, now sublime.



TRAVELING ON THE TRAIN.

In steel-winged flight the train goes screaming
through the fields

Where cattle pass their peaceful days;
And rivers, caught between their graceful banks
of green,
Flow on, regardless of man's ways.

The balsam from the encroaching woods, fresh
carpeted

With lights and shadows by the sun,
Blows in upon the travelers in grateful breaths;
As if it called each tired one.

The quiet hamlets hugged against the iron rails
That bear the swift world's throb along,
Through leafy dells and highlands smooth with
sunning grain;
With soul-refreshing rev'ries throng.

The children, with their bare and sun-browned,
slender legs,
And shy, bucolic diffidence;
Gaze, wild-eyed, on this messenger from un-
known spheres;
While colts race with it to the fence.

The swift-retreating, gleaming tracks, seen
through the dust
Whirled on the wild flowers by the train,
Seem to close up behind it and fore'er shut out
The memory of every pain.

The purpling sunset on the silver stillness of
Some eye-caressing inland lake,
Gives place in quick succession to the shoreless
sea
Of undulating, wind-swept brake.

The plowman, driving home his weary, faded
team,
The good wife trudging by his side,
With cooing babe, triumphant on her sturdy arm;
Fill in the glow of even-tide.

The scented dampness from the dew-wet grass
of dusk,
The wheat-shocks whit'ning to the moon,
The quietude of the vast, care-dispelling night;
Take their departure all too soon.

And in another morn, care-born, we wake again,
Wrapt in the mantle of regret;
But cherishing in dreams, through sultry city
nights,
The country's rural beauties yet.

WAR.

What's War? It is "hell," according to Sherman:
Who are you that, self-called, man's estate shall
determine?

Have you ever been wounded or wasted away
In the enemy's prison? If so, could you say,
When in pangs of starvation, (and believe it
was true)

That your freedom you'd give for the red, white
and blue?

And who are these freemen who proffer their life
To the smoke of the gun and the gleam of the
knife?

They are not the wise men,—nor yet you and I—
But the *poor* men who seem all alike to our eye.
They count not the loss; self value, they have
none;

Like cattle they toss on the ocean's abandon;
At the instant command—at the gateway of hell—
Of paid masters, they land and child-devils dispel.
When they die, there's one less of people we
know not,

To wander the earth at behest of war's despot;
While we who stay home of our patriots prate,
And bid the poor soldier march on to his fate.
We pay them for courting that death which we
dread,

A stipend so meager, their children lack bread;
We gloat o'er the vict'ries we've won with their
blood;

In the cunning of safety, admire their manhood.
What is glory but folly? What is death but a
box

In a grave unannointed, 'neath mud and the rocks?

How content could *you* die far from those whom
you love,
In the heat of the plain and the damp of the
grove?
And this we call progress and civilization!
If you had to die, would you care for the nation?
Or would you not rather remain as you were,
Than for knowledge's advance death's oblivion
incur?
'Tis lucky for those who're too good to be shot,
That *poor* heroes are plenty, and blood still
runs hot
In the veins of the masses, who childlike, have
given
Their lives, hopes and loves—in war's agonies
striven;
That those who consider themselves far above
them,
May live unmolested to solve progress's problem.

HARRIET.

Just sixteen sweet summers have gilded thy hair
With the bloom of youth's loveliness, rioting
there

Midst the scents of love phials that Cupid has
spilled

All over thy bosom so ecstasy-filled.

And where is the bold one would tempt thee
away

From the charm of thy maidenhood's pleasures'
array?

The dull lessons of wisdom so dearly are bought,
'Twere better to stay young and miss them—
why not?

GROWING OLD.

We are so poor, so old, so tired,
Disheartened, sick and burden-prest:
God, let the bitter cup pass from us;
Oh, take us now and give us rest!

So long since we were young and merry;
So long we've lingered in decay,
With Hope's bright orb long set beyond us:
Lord, come and take the pain away!

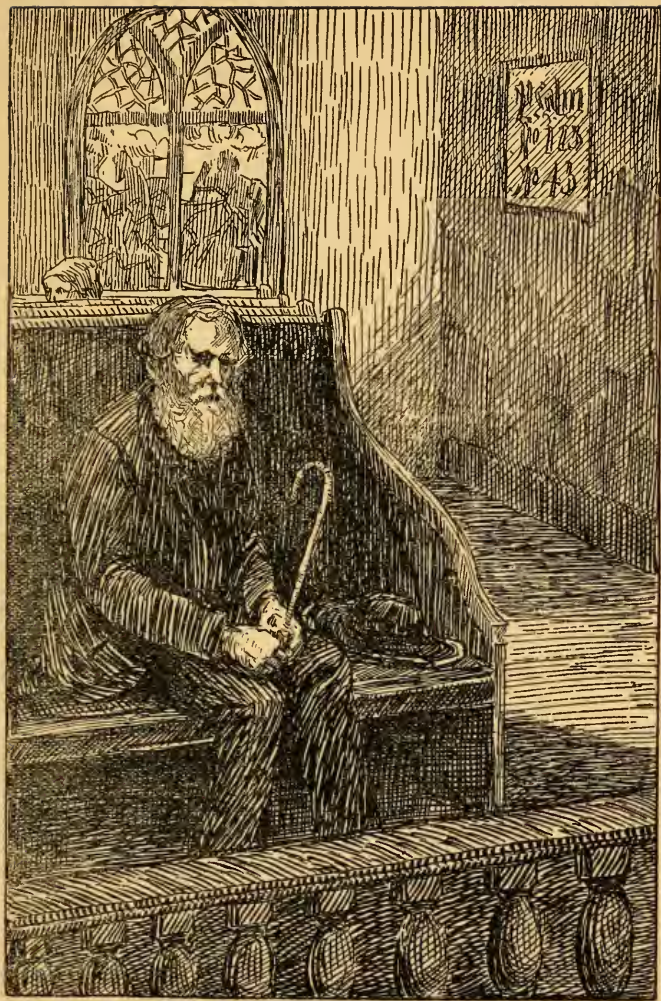
The days are dark, the nights so fright'ning,
And human glances turned to stone;
The world we loved so, now disowns us:
Lord, make our home thine ageless throne!

These wrinkles that our forms disgrace,
And cause the eye to drop in shame;
God, take them from us with the breath
That tenants yet the wasted frame!

It is so sad to grow old—
To feel each weak'ning power wane;
The shadow of the grave before us
Mars all the future can contain.

And, when we gaze on one another,
The dread has doubly grewsome grown;
For then each other's daily failing
The mirror holds up to our own.

But take my hand, dear, weary helpmeet;
Together we will plight again
The troth our youth found so inviting;
And no regrets the end shall stain.



And thus we'll journey the decline
Of life's once sweet and scented vale;
And at its foot we'll leave behind
The lowly mound's forgotten tale.

HEART'S-EASE.

My heart has wandered where it willed so long,
so long;

Yet never found a harbor for its anchor aye,
Until love's message on thy lips so rare, so rare,
Came to enchain it—with thy prayerful eye.

'Tis bliss to listen to thy voice so sweet, so sweet;
'Tis more than bliss to watch the color come
and go

Upon thy tell-tale cheeks and neck so white, so
white,

Like carmine sunset on the dazzling snow.

I know not whence such magic's come to thee, to
thee,

To fair ensnare me in thy net so merciless;
But oh! 'tis happiness to lie so calm, so calm,
And on thy fragrant breast my love confess.

One moment let thy lips on mine so cold, so cold,
Drop slowly down in rapt'rous, nestling flight,
to rest:

Ah! love, what nectar had the gods so spiced, so
spiced,

With nameless fascination unrepent?

To hold in my unconscious arms so close, so close,
Thy unresisting form, and feel thy panting
breath

Beat askance on my answering heart, so keen,
so keen

To love thee madly, kills the sting of death.

There's naught nor none could tempt my heart,
so charmed, so charmed,
To break these welcome bonds, and venture on
again:
With all of passion and felicity acute, acute,
Exhausted in thy love, what can remain?

THE DREAM.

I lay at midnight in my bed,
When e'en the nightingale was still,
And coy winds rocked the trees to sleep,
And mute reposed the whip-poor-will.

And, as I lay, my helmless mind
Gyrated through the mistful field
Of afterthought—futurity,
Kaleidoscopic—half-revealed.

I dreamed the wisdom of the gods
I stood and drank at fame's swift fount;
Success-elated, held the reins,
On glory's stirrup soon to mount.

Again, I dreamed in felon's cell
I wrote my greatness on the wall
That might restrain a broken heart,
But genius baffled not at all.

I dreamed I held an ard'rous maid
(She had thy features and thy form)
Within my arms—against my heart,
And felt her heat my body warm.

I dreamed I sped o'er glinting seas
That rose and sunk to rhythmic wave,
And closed my eyes in sunny sleep—
The sleep that slumber's vision gave.

On sun-kissed sands I heard the breeze
Of perfume-laden fairy climes
Low whisper through the gossam'ry trees
Of unrecorded dreamland times.

I held the thread of many a tale
Unbroken, through weird phantasms traced,
What seemed to me forever, till
By other scenes 'twas fast effaced.

I grieved in abject misery
O'er wrongs I could not rise to right:
Amphorous are the changeling thoughts
That visit us uncalled by night.

My hand to strike, my heart to feel,
My mind to reason, soul to fly;
In vain beat on the prison bars
Of Morpheus till dawn was nigh.

I woke, and felt the breath of morn
Blow cool, refreshing, on my brow;
But all the children of my dream
Are buried in oblivion now.

THE SISTERS.

There are two sisters, both so sweet
I cannot choose the sweeter ;
Two roses ne'er grew more alike,
Four ankles ne'er were neater.

Now it is Maud and now 'tis May
That holds my heart enchanted,
Cooling its fever like the brook
For which the wild hart panted.

In Maud's sad smile compassion lurks,
In May's gay laughter pleasure ;
Yet in the eyes of both dear maids
Loves dance to mirthful measure.

'Tis rapt'rous to be sad with Maud
As to be glad with May ;
In arms of both I'm nothing loath
To scare despair away.

For, oh ! to love or to be loved
By either one, so fair,
Would steal the miseries from fate
And leave its blisses there.

So bright, so sweet, so kind, so good,
So filled with charming womanhood !
My heart must linger many a day
Between its choice of Maud or May,



MY SON.

I had a little son, and his name was John—
A lovely child was he ;
His hair was soft as the zephyr's breath,
And cool as the star-lit sea.

His smile was sweet as an angel's face,
His lips the dampest pink,
His heart as tender as the spring's young bud
That nods at the bobolink.

His laugh would awaken the saddest soul
From dreams of dread despair ;
And the patter of his feet soothed me to sleep,
Like raindrops beating there.

Across his grave the adoring sun
Now lays its rays of gold ;
But all their grandeur seems as naught
Beside my love untold.

VIRTUE'S HUMBLE COUCH.

When virtue on its humble couch
With easeful conscience lies outstretched,
Pure are its dreams and sweet its rest,
Untroubled by thoughts anger-fetched.

For virtue is its own reward,
And chaste as beauty unadorned;
No sun-chased shadow disappears
More traceless than lost virtue mourned.

Dear are the charms that virtue holds,
Deep the regrets its absence calls;
But purity is found as well
In lowly cot as marble halls.

Although they're priceless, all may own
Its self-respecting attributes,
Its freedom from distressing taint,
And boldness that all ill refutes.

Dawn and sunset both are bright
To eyes that by no self-reproach
Are blinded to their kindly light,
And honor's soul in glances broach.

How bootless is the paltry gain
Dishonor offers in return
For all that's wasted in attempts
That blight the soul and faces burn?

For though the world and all were thine,
And though thyself hadst conquered not;
The painted laurels wrong had set
On thy unholy brow, would rot.

Truth lies well-deep in guileless eyes ;
Affections grace the dauntless heart ;
Trust sits enthroned in stainless soul ;
And faith stands where the pathways part.

Thus zestful life is one long road,
All flower-bedecked, to simple mind
That wisely craves no brighter dreams
Than virtue's humble couch can find.

OH! WHY SHOULD THY HEART?

Oh! why should thy heart wander forth from its
nest

In the warmth of thy maidenly bosom?
It will find no retreat amongst all it loves best
So fit for its budding and blossom.

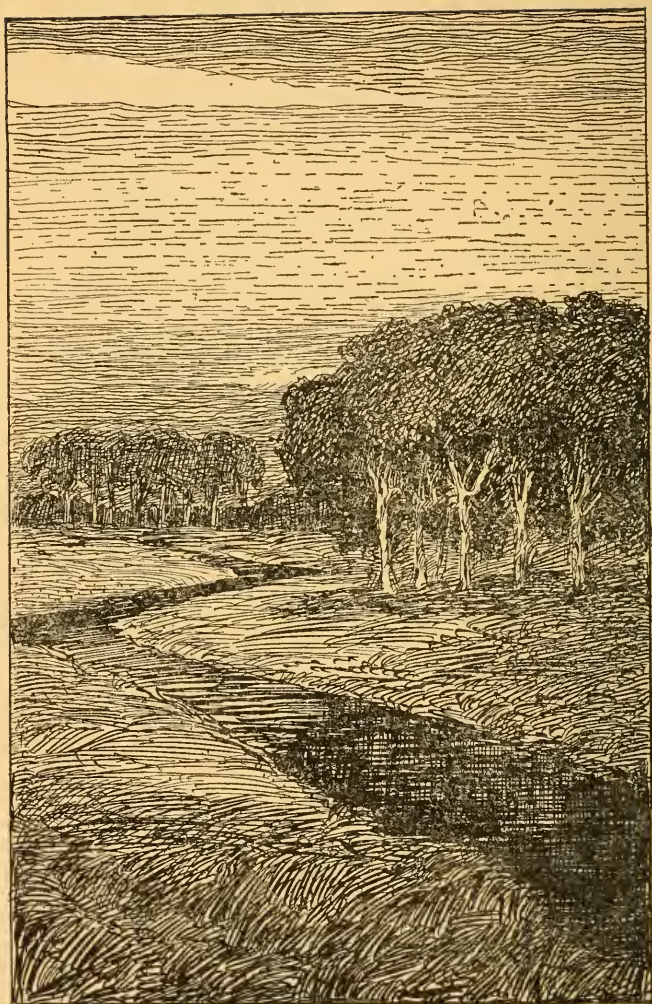
For where is the love that's so charming as thine,
And where is the heart that could hold it?
When the nightingale sang in the twining wood-
bine,
Not even his tongue could have told it.

Like a rose, it would wither and die in the hand
That ventured to pluck and transplant it;
On its own sweets it thrives, like the pine in the
sand:

Oh, would that my words might enchant it!

But 'twill never for me burst its bonds in the
light

Of its sunny, angelic indulgence;
'Twill never for me fall awake in the night
In dreams of unfathomed effulgence.



NATURE'S SOLITUDE.

Bending o'er the stream,
Where the waters flow—
And my soul flows on with them
Where sweet flowers grow ;

Where the shadows lie
On its shining breast—
And my thoughts are mirrored, too,
In its peaceful rest ;

Nature's freshness spreads
O'er the quiet scene —
And my heart goes wandering
Midst soft fancies green.

Where the woods, crept down,
Dressed in bridal leaf,
Seek the water's loved caress ;
Sadness' reign is brief.

Birds of graceful wing,
Fish of glinting hue,
Vie in tranquilizing charm
With my dreams of you.

THE OLD DAGUERREOTYPE.

I was sitting alone in the firelight,
In the silent and shadowy room,
Where memories thronged through the darkness,
And dead loves illumined the gloom ;

When my eyes rested on a daguerreotype,
Half-opened, reflecting the gleam
Of the lambent flames lazily mounting,
Lightly touching the face like a dream.

And my mind drifted back to my boyhood,
And the days of my earliest love ;
And the face on the old table called me—
Called me back to the old hemlock grove.

There we met once again, in the spirit,
Where sweet ecstasy erstwhile held sway ;
And she twined her fresh, young arms about me,
And drove all my reason away.

I dreamed till my old heart had softened
In tears of long hopeless regret ;
And I kneeled at the shrine of her likeness,
And prayed for the strength to forget.



JENNIE.

(A Song.)

Oh, Jennie, my Jane!
My heart must remain
Forever thine own, sweet love;
Though fortune may change
And plans disarrange,
My love will still call in the grove.

Oh! list to its sigh,
Thou maid of brown eye;
Oh! list to its longing for thee!
When rocking to rest
On slumber's soft breast,
Pray dream, ah, my dear one! of me.

Out in the grove it is calling to thee,
Singing of thee, crying for thee;
Hark! O dear heart, how it's praying for thee!
O wake love—'tis dying for thee!

JOHN MARSHALL.

Out of the shadows of history,
Loved lineaments of the great
Gleaming now clear and now fitfully,
The heart of young hope animate.

Those who down to the grave went in glory,
Shrouded in untarnished fame,
Hallowed by genius' achievements
Teach us the worth of a name.

Greatness, when wedded to goodness,
Bears offspring that never shall die,
And, cherished in grateful approval,
Hold no sad defects to our eye.

Back in our country's beginnings,
Threatened with annihilation,
Silencing all opposition,
Rose one who fought for the nation.

Fought with the gun and the intellect—
Soldier and statesman and jurist;
And, like the unperishing day-star,
The light of his mind still endureth.

Swung in the censer of ages,
The perfume of justice ascendeth
Aye from his actions and wisdom,
And will swing while the mind apprehendeth.

Rich both in lore and in kindness,
Each doubt new conceptions awoke
In this mind that was supple to bending,
Yet, bending, bore fruit ere it broke.

His the justice that punished not blindly,
But with sweet, human mercy was tempered;
And so long as a wrong shall need righting
Shall the depth of his thought be remembered.

Thus the reason, but what of that heart-blood
That so ceaselessly throbbed for the free;
And who now may weigh the salvation
He wrought then for you and for me?

I know not what's writ on his tombstone,
Where honor bloomed forth in his van;
But his works are a deathless memento
Of John Marshall, the patriot and man.

BLANCHE AND ISABEL.

Like red wine 'neath the moonlight
And gold wine in the sun,
Love's blushes on my Blanche's cheeks
Up to her tresses run ;

But Isabel is full as fair,
And rarer tints betray her hair :
What heart distraught between the two,
Could e'er determine what to do ?

My Blanche's eyes are madd'ning,
My Isabel's lips sweet ;
And oft I doubt, in rapt despair,
Which first my kiss should greet.

O eyes of starry brilliancy
And lips that shed their dew for me,
My heart would to you both be true
If I could but combine the two !

To linger where love laughs
And shun all mournful things,
To drink where genius quaffs
And soar on tireless wings ;

Is but a poet's dream,
That cannot, loves, compare
With all the joys that seem
To gather where you are.



ISABEL AND BLANCHE.

Oh, could I tell you all I felt
When at your two-fold shrine I knelt,
The fairest words soulless would seem
Beside the glory of my dream.

For richer are your lips, your eyes,
Than blood-red flowers 'neath deep blue skies;
And, treasured in this heart of mine,
Your blushes shame the rarest wine.

Too late to choose, I wander yet
Where memory's lost in fond regret;
As when the snow its mantle spreads
Above the sleeping flowerets' heads.

Oh, Isabel, sweet Isabel!
To know you's but to love you well;
And Blanche, no star of heavenly light
Throws half your radiance by night!

My dearest hopes, my saddest sighs,
Are measured by your fathomless eyes;
To live is prayer, to die were sweet,
Kneeling or lying at your feet.

O Isabel, O Blanche divine!
Seek for no other love than mine;
In you two virgin hearts I see
Destined by holy heaven for me.

TRANSVAAL.

Believest thou, in thine own secret soul,
That thou art right to tempt the patient Boer
To an unequal conflict, that his blood,
Congealing in thy golden opportunity,
May clot the avenues of human faith
And set thy stamp of insincerity
Indelibly upon his agony—
Nor wife, nor child consider in thy heart?
Baseless baubles thy ill-fraught excuses,
Sown in lust and blossomed forth in crime,
Dark as hell is, yet lighted by the flame
Of mankind's condemnation—Coldly yet
The iciness of thy absurd demands,
In blasphemous, ignoring strike at heaven,
Swells earth's eternal list of heaven-wept wrongs.

Down in the land that seems by God forgotten,
In thy insulting face has issued forth
A cry impassionate from hearts that love
And are loved, even as tenderly as thine own;
And, for shame, thou answerest not—Cursed
By thy insatiate and insensate greed,
Oblivion yawns for thy good intentions,
And rank ingratitude is puffed
With pride of armored might, and thunders
Of vile opprobrium, on thy deaf ear,
Are like the wistful whispering of the ant—
Heard indeed, but heard alone of God.

Is money then the crown'ed king of hearts,
That any brawny knave may hope to win
Through perfidy personified as right,
Yet wronging justice to its innermost core?
Each kiss that mantles on the pallid lips
Of babe and mother in that dreaded hour
When Boers, as men, leave their sad homes be-
hind,
Shall speed to heaven as bullets fly!
And, though thou conquereth, the blood that
stains
Thy world-grasping hands will never out;
And tarnished glory on belated wing
Will fly sans object in a poisoned sky.
And they who die to fat thee, greedy-gut,
Fanatical as thou mayst wrongly deem
Them in their virtuous, though puny, strength;
Shall rise again in deathless days to come
So high above thy blinded, pigmy mind
That they, in solemn pity, looking down
From their sin-unapproachable far heights,
Will drop their tears of chastened memory
In sweet compassion on thy thankless soul.

THE DEATH OF THE LOBSTER.

Ah! noblest fish that ever swam,
Free and untrammelled in the sea,
'Tis sacrilege that thou must die
To give a fleeting joy to me.

Thy mail'ed hand that hints of war,
In fellowship is ne'er extended
To meet the grasp of tyrant man,
Who gloats o'er thee when life is ended.

And yet thou gaineth in demise,
Aye, quite as much as many a man
Who on his death bed lies content
To think that, dying now, he can

Insure his loved ones affluence
He could not hope for them while living;
And, soothed by his approaching rest,
Feels all the blessedness of giving.

And though in no uncertain stream
His vanquished life may pass before him,
For all the ease he leaves behind
His tribe is certain to adore him.

Thus thou, O lobster! couldst thou think,
Like thy more gifted human brother,
Wouldst choose the death that maketh glad
The mourner, over any other.



BROILED LOBSTER.

Great lobster! were we served like you—
Alive and squirming cut in two,
And salted while our entrails quivered,
Before our souls had been delivered;

How could sweet maidens, so demure,
The dread, repulsive sight endure,
And calmly sit and eat our livers
And tear our dying hearts in slivers,

To satiate their base appetite;
Or pass the trivial hours of night
Drinking to our sad decease
In glasses emptied to their lees?

'Twere not so solemn to be boiled,
But to be twained and broiled alive!
Oh! who would e'er a lobster be
If he but knew how men connive

For his untimely death to gloat
Upon the softness of his flesh;
Nor e'en in mercy, cut his throat,
But split his back while yet so fresh?

'Twere vain a moral to attempt
To patch the misery of my strain,
Except dead lobsters taste so good;
While living lobsters breathe in vain.

MARJORIE.

Light as the feather on thy hat,
Thy airy smiles beguile me:
The sweetest stream from nectar's vat
Could touch but to defile thee.

For love is sparkling in thine orb,
Like starry passions gleaming
In skies that every hue absorb
That in that orb lies dreaming.

Thy face, O heaven! it is a sight
To set the gods athinking!
What ecstasy could hold the light
To lips that, to thee drinking,

Must faint with rapture in the draught,
And, wet with blissful longing,
Would hide their blush in subtle craft
From cupids round thee thronging?

'Tis heaven's own guerdon that thy charm
Holds lightly still above us;
'Tis love indeed could hope to storm
Those heights that madly move us.

NOR HEAVEN NOR HELL.

Your arguments are vain; no man can tell
Whether there is a heaven or a hell;
But any simple fool knows when he's sick,
And that a sausage's softer than a brick.
Leave to the wise the making of old saws,
And, when you reach the unknown, think and
pause.

Unto your faithful belly e'er be kind,
And in the long run you will surely find
'Tis your best friend, when treated fairly well;
Whether there's a heaven or a hell.

LOVE LIVES FOREVER.

When youth is drunk with love
And age is drunk with wine,
The little foxes steal the grapes
That bend the tender vine.

But youth will live to drink again
When age has passed away,
And many a heart that broken lies
Shall mend on love's birthday.

For love lives ever, though the heart
May perish and be gone;
For when the body turns to clay
The heart but turns to stone;

And, melted in the fire of time,
Will turn to shining gold
When from the sepulchre's decay
By new-born hands 'tis rolled.

Undiminishing and bright, love lives
Through ages, floods and climes;
Forever strung in sweet attune
With God's immortal chimes.

Then love to live and live to love,
And, dying, love, and, born again,
Awake to love; and only love
Shall satisfy thy longing then.





TO A BABY'S FACE.

I love to see the innocence
On childhood's face enthroned,
The wond'ring eye and trustfulness
That here alone are found.

Receptive to the slightest truth
Their virgin minds are taught,
Thrice cursed be he who wantonly
Shall teach them there is naught

That's sacred in this doubting world;
That cunning minds have learned,
With growing age and wise conceit,
That truth can e'er be turned

To serve the ends of falsehood;
And that our bleeding hearts
Are cured by idle sophistries,
And honest feeling thwarts

The friendship of the knowing ones—
Oh! childhood's calm belief
In those who first surround it,
Is but too sadly brief.

There is no wisdom vaunted
By those whose eyes grow small
From knowledge and experience,
That can compare at all

With that pure glance of heaven
Seen in a baby's eyes—
That unformed mind that wanders—
Those innocent replies

To questions culled of verbiage
So they may understand.
They are the gods we worship—
The never-ending band

That pleads for us with heaven,
And makes us live again
The days we had forgotten
Through days that yet remain.

O childhood's sweet remembrance!
Oh! baby arms that twine
About our necks and cherish
That charity divine

Which we had lost without them!
How dark our lives would be
With no young faces round us—
No new-born eyes to see

The world as God has made it,
The good in everything,
The charm and beauty all but dead
To us; the joys that bring

The memories of our early lives
To soothe our present sorrow,
And in the dreams of yesterday
Make us forget tomorrow.

O baby faces innocent!
O baby eyes so mild!
O little hands that grope for ours,
O childhood undefiled!

Thou art the living promise
Christ gives to us through thee;
In thee He's e'er arisen since
He died on Calvary.

VERNA.

Venerable fossil, doomed to lie
Within the rock's cold breast,
Called, centuries ago, to die;
Who first disturbed thy rest

Gazed in amazement on thy form,
Through ages lost to view:
Ten thousand years of calm and storm
Now call thee forth anew.

What wonders couldst thou not unfold
If Time untied thy tongue,
What beauties didst thine eyes behold
When this old world was young?

Would lamps with wisdom seem to burn,
If thou couldst hear our speech?
Wouldst thou but now begin to learn,
Or now begin to teach?

Say! tell us whom thou knewest great,
To what gods bent the knee,
What seas and lands bound man's estate,
And was man slave or free?

Was woman then, as she is now,
At once man's friend and foe?
Did glory on some youthful brow
Imprint its quenchless glow?

Good friend, take up the faded page
Historians turn in vain,
And read what's writ about the age
That ne'er shall bloom again.

And when, with learning too replete,
We drop our eyes in shame,
Speak of thine own departed love,
And whisper low her name.

Had she, like Verna, hair of jet
And eyes of matchless light,
And didst thou all but her forget,
And dream of her by night?

Was she more beautiful, more sweet,
Than Verna is to me?
Had maids then charms no longer meet
For maids of high degree?

Thou answerest not; ah! well I knew
Thou couldst no story tell
Of any maid so dear and true
As she I love so well.

So to my Verna I'll return
And linger all the day;
And if my Psyche break her urn,
I'll kiss her tears away.

THE BIRTH OF THE GRACES.

In other days long since decayed,
Prenatal days of long ago,
Before the fields had been defloured
Or forests low by vandals laid ;

In the wild haunts of birds deceased
And hunting grounds of wilder men,
Where roamed strange beasts ere now defunct,
Which lived on lesser beasts they seized ;

When the hot sun-rays did descend
Through mammoth trees' deciduous leaves,
And monstrous snakes their prey decoyed
With subtle charm to their dread end ;

When rifted rocks the rage defied
Of hurricanes and myriad winds,
And oceans raved till they destroyed
The cliffs that checked their rising tide ;

When hope was to all men denied
Through the ingratitude of Eve,
Who by her selfishness defamed
The sex she might have deified :

Sweet Charity, till then delayed,
Was born of grief and punishment,
When Cain and Abel earned desert
Of woman's passion once betrayed.

Then Faith, by heaven predesigned
To take the place of hopelessness,
But, till 'twas needed, long deferred,
Was granted ; that it might remind



The erring ones, in their despair,
That happiness still lay beyond,
And, as at first, it was derived
From the great love that God did bear.

Then cheering Hope, so long demised,
Was born again—of Charity:
And, men forgetting to despond,
Faith, Hope and Charity were prized

Above all things that did delight
The mind and heart, and heal the soul;
And Wisdom's lamp, with them deluged,
Blazed on the darkest hour of night.

And thus through ages time declined
With these few graces paramount,
Till Christ was sent that the depraved
In Mercy might a Savior find.

Then Love, too gracious to describe,
Became the heritage of man;
And made one more of God's demands
That men in gratitude imbibe

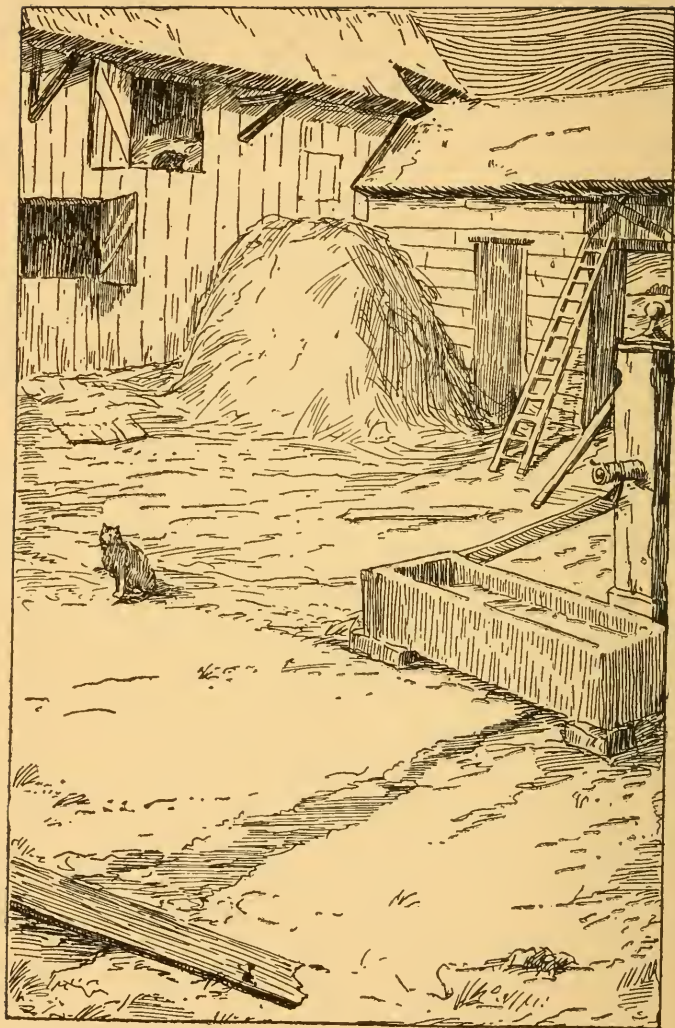
The spirit of Good Will declared
In each unfolding of his plan;
So that these blessings be deserved,
And men their vain regrets be spared.

And so on other days depend
The Graces of the days we know;
And through the days yet undescried
They will continue to the end.

THE HEART CRY.

I love thee; oh! dear heart, I love thee!
With all my pleading soul I love thee!
In every solemn hour of night
Thy deathless memory I light
Upon the altar of my heart:
Thy precious voice I hear apart
And over every sacred thing;
Thy cadences my glory bring.

Sweet friend of priceless happiness,
If I had known thee not, or less,
My famished heart had died in waking:
Thy clinging love my heart in taking
Hast lov'ed not alone, but best—
Softly low, sweet murmurs rest!
Let me lie and dream of thee;
My solace, my heart's love, let me be!



THE BARN.

Out in the barn,
Under the hay,
Up in the loft,
Hidden away ;

Three little kittens,
Gray, black and white,
First opened their eyes
In the shadowy light.

Old mother cat,
Leaving them there,
Looked out the window,
Walked down the stair.

Out in the garden
Basked in the sun ;
Forgetting the kittens,
Who, full of fun,

Romped in the hayloft,
Tumbling over and over ;
Longed to grow big
And run out in the clover.

As they grew older,
And prettier too,
Longed to go forth
Where pastures were new ;

Till once on a time,
Half walking, half falling,
They slid down the stairs
While gay birds were calling

Out in the trees,
Where the warm summer day
Beckoned the kittens
To come out and play.

They breathed the sweet breath
Of the fragrant sweet peas;
They found a sweet child,
And climbed on his knees.

He stroked their soft fur;
Looked down in their eyes,
That blinked like the stars
On the field of the skies.

Day after day,
In the soft summer weather,
They played in the meadow
And hid in the heather.

They at last became cats
And more serious grew,
And the joys of their kittenhood
No longer knew.

And the child grew in stature
And wisdom and grace;
And the light of intelligence
Lit up his face.

But, with all that they gained,
They had lost something greater,
In the glamour of youth
Which the All-Wise Creator

Had spread o'er the simple
And innocent ways
Of the kittens and child
In their babyhood days.

EDITH.

Oh! to be young! to be beautiful!
To be grace itself personified
And deified; to walk the fields the peer
Of vaunted Nature, charming the very air!
To throw the wealth of all love's deathless story
In one impassioned glance! To hold the eyes
Of lovers till they backward turn for grief
In parting from such enam'ring bliss withheld!

To smile—to smile sublimely, yet to smile
Alone for me! I'd make thee my heart's goddess;
There shouldst thou reign; and each untaught
emotion

In its subtle play upon thy face—
That face of such exquisite workmanship,
The handicraft of pulchritude exultant—
Should show to me the living, mobile curving,
The inimitable shades and colors,
Of Nature's own untrammeled, artist hand!

And thy harmonious voice, clear and entrancing,
Intoxicating as the trampled grape!
Thy words like pearls dropped in a wine-steeped
heart,
Themselves filled with a melody divine;
Should sink within me, down, down, deep and
deeper,
Until the shadowy, faintly-dying echo
Of their ecstatic presence in descent
To love's unfathomed depths, should make for
me
A threnody of rapture undefined.

And, sweet, thy hair, that falls in kiss-mock locks
In mad luxuriance on cheeks and temples
Stained with love's enticing radiance;
And lips that part in ever changing lines
O'er fresh surprises of thy dreamy teeth;
Oh! if all this were made and meant for me,
All other craved caresses I'd renounce
For aye; and would eternally forswear
Their blandishments and temptings eagerly
For one sweet hour, infinitesimally short—
And yet to me illimitably long—
In rapt, forgetful blissfulness with thee,

My Edith, love; my love! my more than love!
My passion-cherished queen; my more than
queen!

My goddess higher than a goddess throned!
My idol reared unbreakable, prophetic
With dreams unspeakable, swift-coursing through
The atmosphere impalable—soul fed—
That holds the essence culled of infinite,
Immaculate, transcendent adoration!

EVEN-TIDE.

Let us meet where the gloaming
Twixt day and night roaming,
On the swallows fast homing
Casts its shadows of rest.

There's a balm that is dreaming,
There's a charm that is teeming
With the love that is gleaming
In the eyes loved best ;

That in solace descending
On the day that is ending,
Fill the heart with their blending
Of sweetness and zest.

How we pine o'er the waiting
Through the slow hours belating
The craved moments of mating
That our beings infest !

And each night-light appearing,
Glads the sight with the nearing
Of the twilight endearing
Pure affinity's quest.

There the love that is living
On the wealth of its giving,
All its hoardings deliv'ring
At affection's behest ;

Owens the soul that is yearning
For the face that is turning
Toward the heart that is burning
With passion repress.

THE SUNSET.

Oh! purple clouds of sunset sky,
That hold God's glory to the eye,
And murmuring winds with perfumed breath;
Ye take the terror aye from death.

In coming days with rapture filled,
Our hearts shall feel what Heaven willed,
That sweet oblivion born of joy
And happiness without alloy.

I would not live if I could die
And be one color in the sky
That spreads its beauty round the sun
In grandeur when the day is done.

"ROSE."

Oh! sweetest flower that ever grew
In forest glen or pampered bed,
With varying fragrance, ever new,
Of every shade from white to red;

God-mother to the new-born child,
High priestess at the wedding shrine,
Pure friend of sorrow—undefiled—
Chief comforter in life's decline;

Beloved of all, denied of none,
From first to last of thy short span,
A never emptied vial—one
Perennial since the world began:

Thou'rt but the emblem and the sign
Of *my* sweet Rose, my love, my own;
Thy gorgeous blush, perfume divine,
Her outward loveliness alone

Portray: but she has other charms
Thou knowst not, hid within her breast;
Free from hot passion's swift alarms,
Her heart's a sanctu'ry of rest.

The pulse may madly beat, but still
Her sweet repose removes its sting;
Her presence lends its subtle will
To conquer every wrongful thing.

The floweret blooms but for the hour;
The heart that loves lives evermore,
For thee, for me; nor wealth nor power
Can tempt it to forget its lore.



There is a peace whose sacred wings
Are folded o'er the souls of men :
Few reach it, though its solace brings
To them all glories that have been.

What yet may be in heaven gained
We venture not to idly claim ;
But if, now, every joy remained
We could remember or love name,

Who would, my Rose, try to disclose
A field of flowers more sublime
Than this expanse of all one knows
Made lovely through the realms of Time?

For treasures fade and flowers die ;
But love, when true, survives them all ;
The sun, majestic, rides the sky,
And mortals see its rise and fall :

But thou, my sweet, my Rose, my dear,
Art e'er the same, the world, to me ;
I know no earth, no heaven, no bier,
But where I'm sure thy love will be.

THE VIOLET.

I smell the odor of the violet:
Its fainting fragrance fills the summer air;
Its purple glory holds my heart enthralled;
Its early absence is my sad regret.

Poor little lonely flower, that Heaven sent
To minister to gentle, longing souls
That breathe in pleasure with thy dainty scent;
Thou'rt heaven's wondrous bliss unto us lent.

In nature's greening fields thou sweetly
groweth,
And car'st not for the careless winds that sway
Thy pretty, graceful head from side to side:
Full well thy lovely purity thou knoweth.

I would I were a scented violet bright
To give such dreamy pleasure aye to thee,
Who idly hold my love in thy dear heart;
Then on thy bosom I'd be pinioned tight.

There would I nestle in sublime content
Until I drooped and faded in the warmth
Of thy pure, thoughtless, virgin loveliness;
My head in unsung, ravishing worship bent.

I cannot be a simple violet,
Yet might I rest my head upon thy breast
If only thou wouldst let me, heart of mine;
But oh! my love is unrequited yet,



GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE.

Grandfather's house sits on the hill,
With rough, unpainted window-sill,
Outswinging blinds of faded green;
And not a touch of art is seen

In all its grim and homely shape;
Long windows on the garden gape
In cruel ugliness of form,
About which angry hornets swarm.

The gate hangs by a single hinge;
The broken hedge that formed a fringe
Of desolate and harsh despair
About the yard, still lingers there.

The orchard, with its stunted trees,
That moan and tremble in the breeze,
Singing its mournful dirge unchecked
Through branches dead, makes us reflect

Upon the poverty of mind
That never in this life could find
A way to make it worth the living
By some respect to beauty giving.

Why should the appetite be fed,
But art neglected till the dread
Of innovation blinds the eye
To e'en the beauty of the sky?

To toil is noble, but the heart
Grows callous when the love of art
Is buried in the furrowed ground,
And all the glories that abound

In art and nature, are forgot
In growing things to fill the pot.
The soul that grovels in the dark,
And never blazes from the spark

Of beauty's fire or art's elation,
Has been the type of every nation
That perished surely, to make way
For peoples of that brighter day

Which dawns for all who will but learn
That art and beauty, in their turn,
Must e'er be cherished, that our toil
May not upon our souls recoil.

AN EASTER MORNING SONG.

Glory! glory! glory! glory!

Glory to God in the highest!

Let all the saints in heaven descend;

Let all the sinners on earth attend;

Let all the flowers in worship bend—

For glory to God in the highest!

Mary! Mary! mother of Christ,

Whom Easter deifieth:

Look down on the loves that once have been;

Look down with thine eyes that once have seen

Our Savior's life-blood stain the green—

The blood that deifieth.

Jesus, Savior, Lover, Friend,

Whose mercy multiplieth;

Pleading for us at the judgment throne,

Leaving us not in our fear alone,

Suffering for us to atone

For sin that multiplieth;

Raise us, teach us, lead us from

The thought that Thee denieth;

Bind up our loins with the gospel's might,

Be Thou our pillar of fire by night,

Deliver us from the curseful blight

Of soul that Thee denieth.

Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

Thy sanctity defieth,

Every profane and vicious deed,

Every disciple of pagan creed:

Be Thou our present help in need

When doubt our faith defieth.

KARRA.

With hands so soft and heart so kind,
And graceful attributes of mind,
Resplendent limbs and cheeks of dew;
My Karra, I'm in love with you.

Your feet encased in fairy shells
And laughter sweet as silver bells,
But match your ears of pinkest hue;
My Karra, I'm in love with you.

The stream no surer seeks the sea
Than beckon all your charms to me;
Oh! may love teach me what to do;
My Karra, I'm in love with you.

The minutes into swift hours speed,
And all the swift hours passion feed;
Blest with thy love, my wants are few;
My Karra, I'm in love with you.

'Tis bliss to wait when you are late,
And shake my playful doubts at Fate,
Then reason out my faith anew;
My Karra, I'm in love with you.

'Neath brow so calm your sparkling eyes,
Like twin stars lighting paradise,
My spirit from its fastness woo;
My Karra, I'm in love with you.

Your lips like coral wreaths divine,
Grow liquid to the touch of mine,
And with their longing mine imbue;
My Karra, I'm in love with you.

Not e'en in dreams may man behold
Such tresses as your locks of gold
With sunny love-lights streaming through;
My Karra, I'm in love with you.

Were all my future to my view
Disclosed, if it contained but you,
From all repining I'd be free
If, Karra, you were true to me.

We know as little as we know
The soul's location—to and fro
The crystals hurtle through the air
In spectacle beyond compare.

And we fain must be satisfied
To watch the feathery atoms ride,
With radiant beauty, on the storm,
In all their varying grace of form.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

The hour that's fled,
The love that's dead,
 May never be again;
But memory, still,
Their void shall fill
 With many a soft refrain.

The crumbling mold
Of loves untold,
 Oft lingers with us yet;
And in our sleep
We vigils keep
 When we fain would forget.

For nothing's lost
That ever cost
 The quivering eye a tear;
And every joy
Time would destroy,
 To memory still is dear.



BEAUTY'S EYES.

(Dedicated to the painting of "The Bathers,"
by Bougereau, now in the Munger Memorial col-
lection at the Chicago Art Institute.)

Beauty's eyes enthrall me,
And beauty's form divine
Wakes all my sleeping passion :
On beauty's lips recline

Kisses sweet as nectar,
Rich as ambrosia's balm,
That rend my heart with longing ;
Yet steep my soul in calm.

Beauty's arms so shapely
Are white as winter's snow ;
Their cooling touch in summer,
The purest joy I know.

Beauty's creamy shoulders
Fair madden with the gleam
Of their voluptuous splendors
That with suggestion teem.

Beauty's tempting bosom
Fills me with strange desire,
And wounds my eyes with pleasure ;
And makes my heart aspire

To seek for further loveliness
Below its swelling domes,
And revel in the ecstasy
That owns the eye that roams

About her waist so slender
And thighs of wondrous grace
That, tap'ring to her ankles,
The line of beauty trace.

Beauty's neck that rises
So regally and strong
Above the charms beneath it,
Makes my rapt spirit long

At her feet to worship
In delirium entrancing,
Ere I attempt the peril
Of on her features glancing.

Beauty's forehead's crown'ed
With hair like Ophir's gold;
Her eyes like gems, in setting
Of dreamy smiles unfold.

When beauty's eyes adore me,
And beauty's hands seek mine,
And beauty's arms caress me,
And beauty's gaze benign

Looks in my spirit's mirror
And sees her own reflection;
In beauty's eyes my heart lies
Of its own fond election.

THE NEW CENTURY.

Once in a hundred years there comes to pass
An epoch when all old things pass away;
Night passes on the burden to young dawn;
And all things erstwhile new became *passé*.

Once in a hundred years man lives to tell
That his poor eyes saw, through the rifted veil
Of future's unrelinquished arts and charms,
The greatness of the coming vast entail

That passes from old centuries to new
Once in a hundred years of man's estate;
And genius leads the army whose advance
Treads down the weeds of ignorance, elate

With new-born hopes and charity for none
Who quibble o'er disparities of old;
The new horizon that attracts its gaze
Is brighter far than you and I behold.

Yet treasured in the heart of mortal man
Are truths no future glories can destroy;
While science in fresh majesty unfolds,
True love will linger still without alloy.

How great the living seem beside the dead!
How small misfortune seems beside success!
Oh! thinketh thou this century dawning fast
Will make life's pains or pleasures seem the
less?

O thou who holdest worlds in thy hand!
Incline thine ear unto our humble prayer—
Let knowledge and true brotherhood expand;
But keep our old love warm where e'er we are.

So that, a thousand million years from now,
When man has lost his semblance to this race;
Through all his swift advancement, and mistakes,
Thou still mayst trace Thy likeness on his face.

MYRTLE.

Sweet is the thought where you are the subject ;
Swallows at twilight fly swift to the nest ;
So flies my love when your kiss is its object ;
Soft on your bosom my longing heart rest !

Dear are the moments to love dedicated ;
Dreary the absence of endearing charms ;
Doubts gather thick when love's message's be-
lated ;
Dead lie those doubts when I lie in your arms.

Ever the evening heralds the morrow ;
Earliest dawn comes but after the night ;
E'en so the angels their radiance borrow
E'er from your dark eyes' luxuriant light.

This is the song that my soul's ever singing,
Twining its tendrils so closely and true,
Touching the chords with love's melody ringing,
Tenderly clinging, my Myrtle, to you.

THE ROSE OF BETHLEHEM.

(A Christmas Poem.)

Sweet rose of Bethlehem—enchanted flower,
That, by the holy Christ-child's hand caressed,
Didst turn thy bursting petals towards his face
And rest thy blood-red glory on His breast;

Tell me! didst thou know our Savior then,
And feel the Heaven-born power in His touch?
And didst thou tremble in thy every leaf
And swell with florulent, fragrant joy that such
Shouldst be thy Heaven-bless'ed privilege
That, fondly dying in His baby hand,
Thou couldst expire but to be born again,
To bloom eternal in this ransomed land?

The rosy light of stilly summer morns
That filled with promise all the pale blue sky,
Awoke thee but to daily-added charms
Disclosed to thy quiescent flower eye,

The slowly-creeping shades of twilight's gloom
That hid the Christ-child from thy eager gaze,
Didst serve alone to aid thy waning strength,
To still sustain thy poignant, rapt amaze.

Didst thou, sweet rose, behold by dreamy night
The shepherd's star, with kindly, guiding glow,
Beckon to the sleeping universe
And light the way, that all who looked might
know

Where the anointed babe of God and Love
Lay humbly sleeping in the manger rude,
And Virgin Mary gently watched him in
Her pure and heavenly beatitude?



Say! didst thy pungent flower soul go out
To meet the breaths from unknown, distant
spheres,
That whispered softly round his Christian form
And told His message to thy flower ears?

And didst thou shed thy silent, dewy tears
At all the coming agony and loss,
As, walking sunward with extended arms,
His body threw the shadow of the cross?

And wert thou, fair one, always ruby red;
Or is this roseate color which we see
But one undying blush of burning shame
For men's unjust and horrid cruelty?

Christ, in His mortal grief and sympathy,
Didst stain thee with His sacred heart's red
blood,
Made beautiful thy crimson ignominy
And named thee, for His Heavenly Father,
"Love."

POUR PASSER LE TEMPS.

TO YOU:

Ah! dearest, when I think of you, my lips
In vain portray your fascinating grace;
In vain my eyes endeavor to recall
The ever-changing magic of your face.

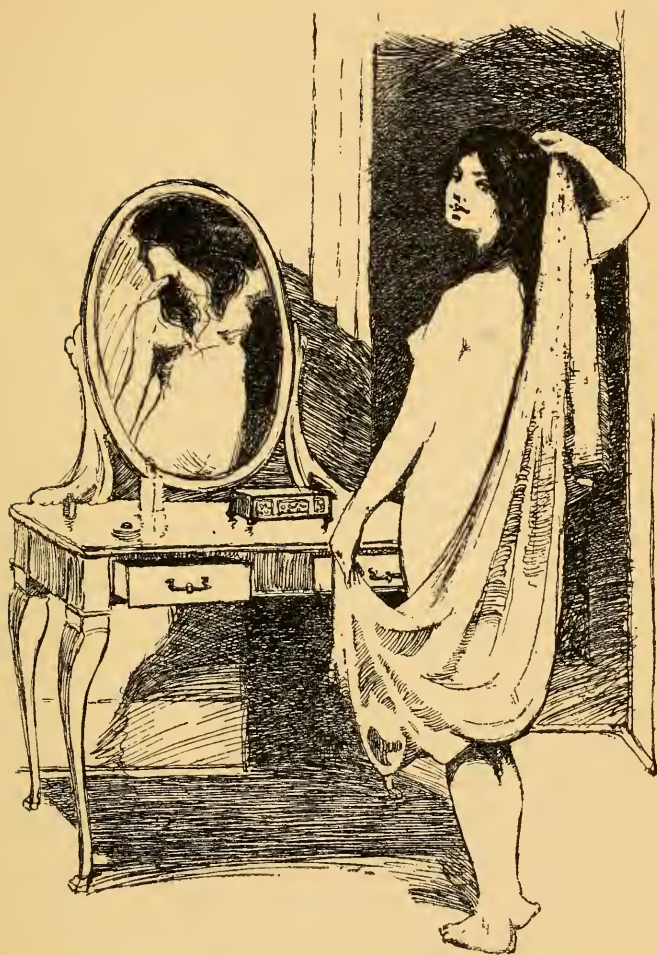
The charming poise of head, the sun-kissed hair,
Heavy with its burden of despair
To cast aside conventional restraint
And hide your shoulders, passionately bare;

Your shelly ears that peep so temptingly
Through tresses damp with beauty's curling
kiss,
And dimples like the fruit of paradise
Ineffably hung on the bough of bliss;

Your eyes that speak the language of the heart
More eloquently than the poet's lyre,
Your form evading every surmise—
Half lost and half revealed through scant at-
tire;

Your arms that in their sinuous lines embrace
Youth, art and symmetry, commingled there
With tints that baffle artists' futile skill—
Quick pulsing, yet so cool and debonair;

Your bosom nestling tempestuous delights
Untasted, that with turmoil fill the mind;
Your *tout ensemble*, faultless and unique:
All these in rare profusion do I find.



But, dearest, 'tis not why I love you so—
This outward, eye-enslaving comeliness;
But deeper lies the magnet that attracts,
And makes my heart its love for you confess.

'Tis in your kindly ways and tender soul
And sweet, confiding air, I find my joy:
These are the real beatitude to which
Your beauty's but the ravishing decoy.

EASTER.

Glory! glory! Christ has risen,
Bearing on His sacred breast
All the weary, woe-begotten
Souls that vainly covet rest;

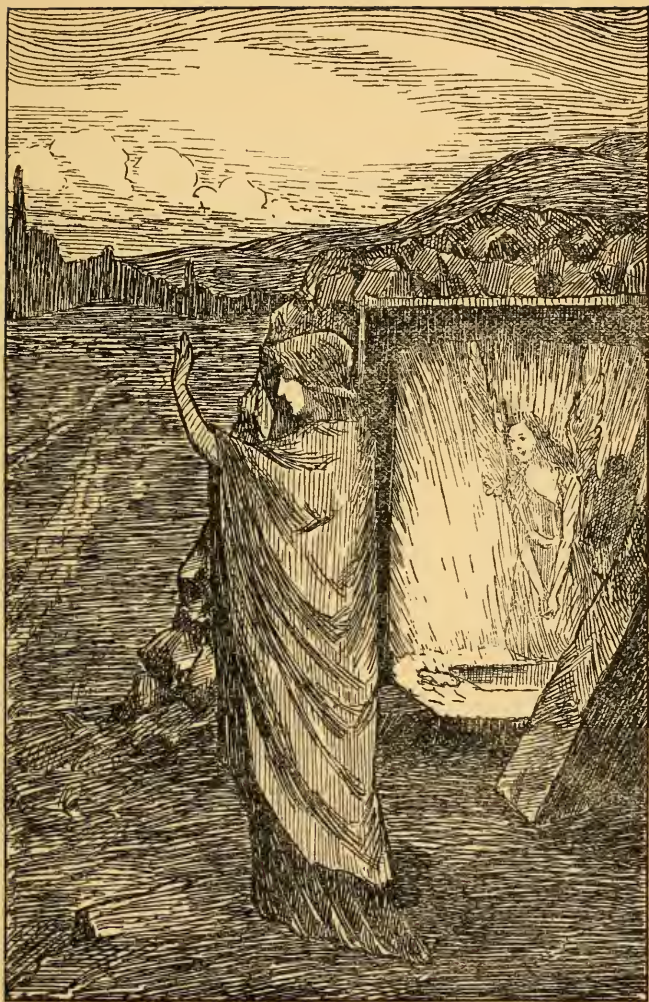
Bearing in His tortured hands
Lamps of love, illuminating
Darkest recesses of doubt,
Malignity's designs frustrating;

Bearing on His bleeding feet
Kisses of the pure in heart,
Tears of agony immortal,
Bruises from the stony mart;

Lifting on His thorn'ed head
Halos of the myriad true,
Chaste and gentle imitators
Whom He taught His mercy to;

In His sacerdotal garments,
Wafting infants innocent,
With their trusting eyes in worship
On His shining features bent.

Twine the flowers in transportation!
Harp the paeans of adoration!
Bend the knee to revelation
Of the Lord's transfiguration!



CHILDHOOD'S CHARM.

Childhood, ever fresh and fair,
Interesting, debonair,
Tell me, teach me, what you are,
That such comfort brings.

In the March wind, pleasure-spiced,
Ruddy cheeks and touselled head,
Heavenward by angels led,
For you curfew rings.

Sweet your voices, soft your hands,
New-born from immortal lands,
Sifting out life's freshest sands
On our longing hearts.

Pleading are your verdant glances;
Love your youthful bloom enhances;
Free to choose from fortune's chances
For important parts,

Be you e'er what to our fancy
Nature makes the spring-time pansy,
Pure and lovely to behold
To our eyes fast growing old.

Twine about our souls' gray rocks,
While your laugh our worry mocks;
In your charm we dance again
To joy's long forgotten strain.

FELICITY.

Come! let us linger where the woodbine twineth,
Come! let us kiss where the moonbeams stray;
Night is the time when the love-rod divineth,
Day-time was made but for children to play.

Give me thy hand, thy heart and thy bosom;
Red lips and pale cheeks lay on mine:
Where in the world is the love-tinted blossom
That can intoxicate like love like thine?

Fondle me! Pet me! Place your hand where
my heart is;
Heart-beat to heart-beat, listen to the throb;
In delirious abandon, forget where thy arm is;
Press me! embrace me, close till I sob!

Ne'er could I tire of thy fierce adoration;
Kisses of thine burn like fire on my neck;
Thou hast my love—in thy passion's exploration
Take my whole being, and with kisses bedeck!

I love thee! I love thee! kiss me over again, love!
Heav'n has no charms these moments could
shame;
Hold now my tired head on thy heart, love;
Whisper with perfumed breath my name.

Ah! if in such sweet embrace we might rest, dear,
Night never giving place to the day,
With none to observe by the blind stars above,
dear;
Who would still further rapture essay?



DECORATION DAY.

Black night holds back the struggling rays
Of dawn incipient, as in days
Of no sad import—Nature knows
No difference; nor, partial, shows
A pleasanter or gloomier face.
The mounting lights the shades efface
That guard the graves through silent hour—
The graves that built a nation's power.

Rose-tinted clouds nor skies of gray
Can rob the glory from the fray;
Nor strike one laurel from the head,
Where lie the country's honored dead.
Though nature through a thousand years
May make and unmake, and appears
To be omnipotent, she can
In no way change one noble man.

The ground-mist from the dewy grass
May rise, to fade in golden mass
Against the sun's ascending ball,
Or, rain-depressed, spread like a pall
Upon each love-compelling grave;
But not one branch may idly wave
Aside the sacrifice and care
That with the brave are buried there.

The memories that, in countless throng,
Proclaim the day, and faith prolong,
And fill the heart with gratitude
Approaching pure beatitude;
Are undisturbed by budding leaf
By nature's smiles or nature's grief:
Nor wind nor calm, sunlight nor gloom,
Can dwarf the grandeur of the tomb.

Here lies the buried love, enshrined
Indelibly in every mind,
While nature sleeps, or wakes in awe
To find one thing that to her law
Is unamenable—the heart—
Bleeds on, and, in its realm apart,
Emblazons and irradiates
The idols that it animates.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Little eyes so swift awakened;
Little hands so quickly filled;
Little arms so fully laden;
Little hearts so sweetly thrilled!

Lit by fairy lamps' soft glimmer,
Angels step by step descend
Through the trees' mysterious branches,
That with love's new burdens bend.

Christ is born again at Christmas
In each heart of little one;
And the wonders of his coming
Glorified through ages run.

MARY.

I would I were the wings of Love,
To beat the breath of heaven against thy
heart;
And waft thee from below above,
Dear Mary, earthly idol that thou art.

The radiant gifts of all the gods
I'd lay in lavish glory at thy feet;
Oh, sweet belov'd, slumber nods
Divinely beautiful in thy retreat:

In thy retreat, that sacred spot
Where loveliness holds undisputed sway;
Where each discordant thing is not,
And beauty charms the darkest care away.

'Tis there I'd linger while the lark
Filled with clear melody the azure sky;
'Tis there on dream ships I'd embark,
I'd love thee, and I'd lay me down to die.





MY LITTLE BOY AND I.

My little boy and I have fun
Shooting "injuns" with his gun;
Drumming up his tin recruits
To his martial trumpet toots.

Then we kick his football high
As the eagle in the sky;
Roll the marbles, spin the top,
Till we're tuckered out and drop.

Then we play I am his horse,
Bound "like sixty" round the course,
While his woolly doggies bark
With excitement at our lark.

So we romp until his eyes
Droop in sleepy, blue surprise;
And I lay his tired form
In his bed all snug and warm.

Soon he'll grow too big to play—
Put the broken toys away—
But, whate'er his future be,
He will find a friend in me.

BATTLE HYMN OF HUMANITY.

(Air: "John Brown's Body.")

The truth is lying naked in the cradle of the
heart;
It will rise, all clothed in glory, when the good
and evil part;
And God shall drive the traders from misrule's
unholy mart;
And bid the fallen rise.

Chorus:

Jesus loves you and will save you;
Keep the promise that He gave you;
In the healing waters lave you;
When all the fallen rise!

Mine ears have heard the crying of the children
of the night;
They are longing for the coming of abundance's
kindly light;
Oh! pitying hands be generous, oh! gentle
smiles be bright;
And help the fallen rise!

The sun that gilds the morning with its joys for
one or two,
Is prophetic but with punishment for others, just
as true,
Who only ask for honest work for willing hands
to do;
That they may, fallen, rise.

From the hovel and the palace, from the brothel
and the pew,
There are silent prayers ascending, from the
faithful and the few;
To the fount of love and mercy flowing hope for
me—for you:
We shall, though fallen, rise.

Here's a heart and hand for charity, a blessing
for the poor,
A staff for all the weary, and the message sweet
and sure:—
“The Lord will save His people from the wicked
and the dour.”
Let all the fallen rise.

We will fight the human battle knowing that our
God is nigh,
Watching over us in agony with Jesus in the sky;
And the angels are recording every prayer and
every sigh
On which the fallen rise.

WHY DO YOU WAIT?

The shadows creep,
The willows weep,
O'er mankind's discontent:
While mortals sleep
The silent deep
To misery seems lent—
Why do you wait?

The heart that grieves,
Unconscious weaves
The fabric of its shroud;
And fading leaves,
Like lost reprieves,
Are crying death aloud—
Why do you wait?

The tender ties,
The longing eyes,
That break in tears so vain;
Are but the sighs
Time multiplies,
And die to live again—
Why do you wait?

Oh! heart that beats
In sad retreats
For all that might be yours,—
Your hunger eats
The sacred meats
Whose memory endures—
Why do you wait?

Let sadness wane
To glad refrain;
 Forget that life is old;
Be young again,
And young remain
 Till all of love is told—
 Why do you wait?

Come blossoms sweet
The gaze to greet
 On every tree that grows;
And branches meet
Where willing feet
 Keep step with nature's throes—
 Why do you wait?

Then why repine;
Or still decline
 To feel the charm that holds,
Like sparkling wine,
The breath divine
 In all that life unfolds?
 Why do you wait?

OLIVE.

Beneath far Greece's Olympian skies
Drest in eternal blue;
My Olive lies with wistful eyes
That shame their deepest hue.

And as our bark drifts idly long
On wings of passing wind,
Her parted lips in silent song
Pray to the god that's blind.

It is enough, more than enough,
To feel her presence near;
Thrilled by each jealous wave's rebuff
Our passion grows more dear.

Here, all alone with nature's god,
We rest in sweet communion;
No magistrate's, nor priestly nod
Need sanction our heart's union.

O Olive! richest, rarest gem,
If Cupid wore a crown
With loves begemmed, not one of them
Could dazzle like your own.

Blown on the south wind's lang'rous breath
Your golden ringlets trace
Love-lines that court a ling'ring death
In beauty on your face.

How dear the land where Homer died!
How bright its flowers grow;
Fair Helen in her queenly pride
Made brows with valor glow.



Yet there is not in mem'ry's chain
A link so rarely wrought
As young affection's fond refrain
In fleeting visions caught.

When darkness slowly wraps your smiles
In bright remembrance's shroud,
The waves beat on the sleeping isles
And call your name aloud.

COME, FAME!

O greatness!—God! How canst thou hold it back
from me?

Ah! Morpheus, god of sleep!—those dreams! and
are they vain?

Must they be given me but to be swift denied,
Chimerical and void, when the all-leveling beams
Of sunrise break the ephemeral bonds of night's
blest visions,

That hold the humblest brain enthralled, and
clothe with rich

Ambition's purple, for the nonce, the grief-bowed
heart?

Let us treasure us as children do the shells
Of pebbly, wave-swept beaches—valueless except
To the undoubting eyes of youth that traffic not
In cost or profit, but see and believe unbought—
Those moments of sublime, unsought delight in
which

Thy slumber compensates us for all earthly ills.
Oh, angels kneeling at the throne of brightest
Heaven!

There is—there can be—no sweet incense offered
up,

And carried on thy shadowy wings of starry
night;

So purely fragrant and acceptable to God
As is the worship of the wounded heart, sleep-
healed,

That thus in black oblivion sees the sacred light
That burns alone in dreams at night. And slow-
ly from

The threads of memory that escape night's mystic
realm

To stay with me in the day's thought-enslaving
light,
Lord! Let my mind—great only in its love of
truth,
And beauty's voiceful charms of sound and form
and color—
Weave, in those patterns patent to the simplest
one,
The indestructible fabric of immortal fame!

MUSIC.

(Air: "Verlegenheit"; by Franz Abt.)

Why doth the heart expand when music
Is wafted low through trembling air?
Where lies its charm—infatuation—
For every mind that worships there?
I know not the reason,
I seek not the rule;
My heart and mind too replete
With sweet agony
That rolls over me
And leaves me no base retreat.

The heart that crieth from its deepness;
The soul that mounteth, image-free,
In every tone of voice and instrument:
Oh! would that heart and soul might be
Forever bound up
In pure harmony,
With symphony wander distraught:
All earth be forgot;
Pain remembered not;
On wings of the angels caught.



LOVE'S THREE DEGREES.

Thine the words that live forever,
Fairest fruit of thine endeavor;
In the vast future they shall be
Belov'ed of posterity.

Thine the thoughts that never die,
But with true genius multiply;
Oh, may they strike, while they endure,
The chords of heaven's overture!

Thine the heart that lingers still
Where the poet drinks his fill
Of that nectar, softly flowing,
That imparts sweet fancies glowing.

Thine the eye that plainly sees
Love has many fond degrees:
One is lavished on the pet;
Still another, fonder yet,

Breathes in the atmosphere
Of the friends that hold us dear:
But fondest still, if that may be,
Is the heart-love I bear for thee.

Mine the art to tell in rhyme
Stories of the olden time,
And the stories of today;
But my pen can never say

Words of passion half so strong
As the words that do belong
To the dreams that oft possess me
When thy love comes to refresh me.

Mine the province to adore thee;
Thine the dear love watching o'er me;
Thine and mine the hearts alone
That love's three degrees have known

In their full and free perfection,
Hallowed by fond recollection:
Fate shall never—man cannot—
Rob us of the tranquil thought.

HAST EVER BEEN IN HEAVEN?

O shade! hast ever been in heaven,
And wandered, lost, among the blest;
Blind with the myriad astral lights
Of souls immortalized to rest?

And didst thou find my lover there—
The dear heart, wed alone to mine—
Thrust high above the holiest,
Close on the glowing throne divine?

Didst not? Then thou must surely not
Have ever passed the portals, wild
With agonizing spirits, tossed
Upon the sea of the defiled

That 'tempt to force the gates of Heaven;
Or glare with sear'd eye-balls in,
When angels throw them wide to greet
Some soul repentant of its sin.

Or, stay! perchance her countenance
Emitted such effulgent rays,
Not e'en the angels might discern
Her presence, with omniscient gaze.

The measureless ecstasy of Heaven
Through all eternity, implies
Incalculably less to me
Than one glance from her loving eyes.

I'd seek her if my soul must rise
So far above the throne of grace,
That hell would nearer seem to God
Than would the altitudes I'd trace.

And for one caress of her lips,
I'd let my nameless being fall
Down through such uttermost, dread depths,
As would infinity appall!



ANNA.

When care departs on the silent wings
Of sweet forgetfulness slumber brings,
Lulled by the spell of night's solemn thrill,
Memory fondles your sweetness still.

Where, oh! where is the heart that would
Not languish un comforted but for you?

Luring your soul from its balmy sleep
Under the eaves where the raindrops weep;
Drawing your love from your heart to me;
Stronger than space may my magic be.

'Tis but a little I ask of you, but
Oh, it is heaven and more to me!

Beauty was born on your natal morn;
Venus appeared like a maid forlorn;
Shamed by your grandeur, the radiant day,
Blushing in sunset, declined away:

All the stars hid their light in timid
Worship of your love-anointed eyes.

Manna of passion, so long besought,
Madonna of hearts, in love's meshes caught;
Yield all your charms to my fond embrace;
There every record of time efface.

Tenderly linger with me through all
Eternity, spurning the suits of gods.

LISTEN!

Peep, peep, peep!
The little chickens cry,
Warm beneath their mother's breast,
Safe beneath her eye.

Bow, wow, wow!
The little puppies yelp;
Sure that, if they're only brave,
Mother's there to help.

Meouw, meouw, meouw!
The little kitties go,
While old pussy waves her tail
Firmly to and fro.

Chirp, chirp, chirp!
The birdies in their nest,
Softly call the mother-bird
To her swinging rest.

Ma, ma, ma!
The babies' voices call;
Music sweet to hearts that beat
Tenderest of all.

LOOKING IN AT THE WINDOW.

Looking in at the window of affluence,
On pleasures that we are denied,
There are faces on faces that join us,
Which long have been strangers to pride.

Oh! ye longings with jealousy pregnant,
Oh! beautiful dreams of the night—
Poor blossoms that fade with the morning,
To bask in eternity's light—

I love you, though scented with poison;
I love you, though bitter as gall;
And the light of the ages shall soften
The pangs of regret for us all.

L. C.

RUTH.

When beauty smiles, all eyes behold
Her rock of promise turn to gold;
Her lips, when smitten with a kiss,
Breathe forth love's silver streams of bliss.

Such smiles, such voices, have for all,
From cradle to the silent pall,
A charm that's never been gainsaid
Since Cupid watched by lover's bed.

And all these gifts are *thine*, my Ruth;
In thee art's wedded fast to truth;
While nature spreads her flowers neat
To dust with pensile leaves thy feet.

The very dew, with sparkling eyes,
Cries love to thee, and fainting lies
To languish for thy melting glance,
When night birds herald thy advance.

The stars make lover's eyes at thee;
The zephyr whispers to the tree
That he has tossed thy hair in glee,
Like black waves on a whitened sea.

Whom seekest thou among the ruins
Of Cupid's edifices? Moons
Have pushed aside their clouds in vain
To spy thee, time and time again.

Where nothing on the surface shows
Who looks beneath to find a rose?
So secretly thy *true* love's hidden
Not e'en the angels there are bidden.

Upon that pure yet heaving breast,
How sweet 'twould be to lie and rest,
While thy breath fanned me; could it be,
My heaven I'd give for hell with thee!

But no man knows, nor yet do I,
What thoughts within thee multiply;
Nor whether I am first or last:
Ah! would the agony were past!

One look, one word—though half unheard—
Would break my heart, or make the bird
High-winged in a cloudless sky,
Not half so close to heaven as I.

Some day, when time has sifted through
His sieve the hearts both false and true,
And weighed in his unerring scale
The love that wins, the loves that fail;

I'll pillow yet these locks of mine
Upon thy bosom so divine,
And kiss those lips that all have craved,
O'er which the gods and men have raved.

THE SILVER BELL.

(A Card Party Idyl.)

This silver bell, by chance or science,
To some successful lady's lot
Shall fall; may cruel fate's reliance
Upon her choice be questioned not.

For fools may play with heavenly fire
In safety, where the wise are burned;
And she who wins this idle trophy
Depends upon the cards she turned.

And cards are fickle as Dan Cupid
Who slights the great, the bright, the true,
To lay his wealth before another,
Who with sweet hopes had naught to do.

The bell rings clear—you've but to try it;
And art shall live in its design:
Oh, gentle heart that strove and won it,
It rings the comrad'rie in mine.

So take my treasure; nor return it
Till long forgot the friendship be
That tinkles in its every motion,
When calling back my memory.



MARGUERITE.

Could other bards have told your charms?
Could other lips taste half so sweet?
I trow not; for no other bard
Could love you so, my Marguerite.

This heart of mine, with fire divine,
Had burned in solitude for you,
Long ere your eyes, in coy surprise,
Invited me to dare and do.

I'll ne'er forget—I tremble yet—
When, glory in your face enshrined,
I wandered through that heavenly gate
No other eyes than mine divined.

'Neath lips as pure and smile demure
As angels' in a shepherd's dream,
My heart reclined; in you to find,
And lave in, love's refulgent stream.

WHEN THE EVENING FADES AWAY.

When the hush is on the forest,
And the moonlight coldly lies
On the field's transfiguration;
Love is nestling in thine eyes.

White with passion swells thy bosom;
Red with love-light burns thy brow;
Blue with glory beam thy true eyes
Through their shadow-lashes now.

Hark! the nightingale is singing
To thy heart as to his mate;
All the starry hosts are winging—
Only mortal love is late

Panting to thy bower I hasten,
Mad with nearing ecstasy,
Twined within thy arms so am'rous,
What can Heaven hold for me?

Loving, hesitate the minutes,
Ling'ring, loath to part from thee;
Crowding close on one another,
Each eternity would be.

Wrapt in enervating visions,
'Neath thy siren eyes I lay
All my heart, drained through thy lips, love,
When the evening fades away.





ODE ON A LADY'S HAT.

I'm writing on a lady's hat ;
But the pretty face below it
Attracts my gaze : in pure amaze,
I glance and do not know it.

Its shade is purple, and the lines
Of grace flow clear around it—
I mean the hat and not the face—
I've lost my head, confound it !

The color comes and swiftly goes ;
There's wealth of meaning in it—
Oh, pshaw ! It is her face I mean—
I wish I'd never seen it !

For, oh ! that hat's an artist's dream ;
No fashion can outdo it ;
But God's hands moulded her sweet face :
I've lost my heart unto it !

THE FADED WREATH.

The wreath has faded on my brow,
My heart has fallen low;
And none but love can help me now:
As sunset on the snow

One moment colors to delight,
Then melts its life away,
Till bare it lays earth's homely breast—
Shamed in its cold decay;

So fame deceives while it allures,
Till, in its swift decline,
It leaves the barren heart, for love
To soften and refine.

Not like the spring's perennial bloom,
May my renown return;
The altars of the gods, once quenched,
New incense ne'er may burn.

And greatness is a fickle god,
Who loves to beckon all;
No idol ever reared of man
Was sacred from its fall.

There are no laurels hung so high
That genius does not dare;
There are no depths so sunk below
But what to some seem fair.

Then what to me be the degree
Of glory or of shame,
If only in your eyes I read
The worship of my name?

For love is greater than regret,
And fame may stand alone;
If only by your side I sit
And know you all mine own.

CECELIA.

With sunsets in her hair
And heaven in her eyes,
More fragrant than the rarest rose;
My sweet Cecelia vies

With every maid or nymph
That ever queened the heart,
Or wandered through enchanted wood
To hide where lovers part.

Arrayed in purest white,
With rapt, unclouded brow,
With lily's grace and beaming face;
She comes to meet me now.

If I had all the gold
Of Ophir in my grasp,
'Twould fall unnoticed from my hands
So I her form might clasp.

She loves me not enough,
Though none could love me more;
Low, buried 'neath a million dead,
I'd come back to adore

The very air she breathed,
The blushes on her cheek;
And from her lips to finger tips
Her ravishment I'd seek.

Alone beneath the stars,
I've worn my heart away
In hopeless search for deathless words
In which my love to say.

But words do not suffice
To paint the flower's hue;
My reason trips upon her lips,
In spite of all I do.

CONTRASTS.

The blue of the violet, red of the rose,
Both bathe in sweet fragrance each zephyr that
blows.

The violet's simple, the rose more complex,
But the bloom of the twain nature's bosom be-
decks.

How pleasant the hour spent with either one by,
Whilst its scent lends its rapture to charm for the
eye.

Wouldst love best a violet—roses strewn there;
Or, with roses so near, are not violets rare?

LOOKING BACKWARDS.

When my heart shall gather aftermath,
And my soul shall backward glance,
Thy sweet face shall light my misty path
And all my memories enhance.

Through the mirrored charms of childhood's days
And forgotten dreams of youth,
While my mind in naive fondness sways,
Commingle rhapsodies with truth;

Still thy face shall be my silent guide:
Where the stream of sorrow flows,
O'er each drifting pang upon the tide
Of memory, shall bloom a rose.

And the buried pleasures that I meet
On my dreamy pilgrimage,
Straying where erstwhile thy loving feet
Have lightly trod, shall grief assuage.

And the bells of memory shall ring
Low o'er each remembered scene;
While thy tears their sunny showers bring,
To keep fond recollection green.

MILDRED.

With cupid's arrows in thine eyes,
His bow strung in thy heart,
A doughty warrior art thou
As ever played the part.

At early eve thou fareth forth
In all thy brave array,
And, charmed by thy appearance, men
Forget to run away.

Oh! maiden fair, thou shouldst beware;
All arrows speed not true;
Some dart my prove a boomerang,
And slay the one who slew.

Alas; then all the myriad pangs
That thou hast sent to roam,
Will, multiplied a hundred-fold,
To thine own heart come home.

And love will rankle in thy breast
More venomous than hate;
Then why, my Mildred, still invite
Such irony of Fate?

Wouldst thou not better love but one,
E'en were that one but I?
If all thy wand'ring fancies blent,
How sweet thy love could sigh!

My arms thy stronghold and retreat,
My faith thy guiding star,
No echo from the guilty past
Thy gentle peace should mar.



THE SEA.

Tumultuous swell of mysterious ocean,
Passionate froth of the merciless sea,
Lashed in a fury of life-hating motion;
Cast not thy death-luring spell over me.

Fathomless depths of dark, heart-chilling water,
Treacherous sparkle of picturesque wave,
Drive not my boat to its wantonly slaughter,
Rear not thy billowy foam for my grave.

Dread are the secrets thou never unfoldeth,
Cruel the clasp of thine engulfing arms;
Down in thy sleepless abandon thou holdeth
Slow-rotting fruits of the tempest's alarms.

Lap not my feet with thy servile encroaching;
Kiss not my face with thy sun-glinted spray;
Take back thy smiles, familiarity broaching;
Monster! thy untamed hypocrisy stay!

Fatal to hope are thy rhythmical ripples;
Faithless thy promise of deceiving calm;
Falsehood the worth of thy messages cripples;
Evil-intending thy soul-soothing balm.

Borne on thy smooth-running crests, brightly
breaking,
Harmless thy whitecaps careen in the sun;
Only to hold, and conceal in the making,
Pitiless fate for each credulous one.

Cold is the gleam of thy emerald furor;
Heartless the toss of thy crystalline head;
Terror-reflecting thy green, greedy mirror
Blurred with the tears of uncountable dead.

Prayers temper not thy swift insatiation;
Ceaseless, remorseless, thou seekest thy prey;
Bloodless thou quencheth their glad animation:
Lost in thy measureless darkness they stay.

Tempt not my eye with thy radiant graces;
Charm not my ear with thine entrancing song;
Thrill not my heart with thy varying faces;
Rave o'er thy dead through the centuries long!

Drear is the gloom of thy endless expanses;
Doleful the wail of thy wandering winds;
Mournful the dirge of thy drowned, that enhances
Weird deceptions that torture our minds.

Never forgiving and never forgetting,
Some fiend incarnate possesses thy soul;
Cursed with the stain of its murderous setting,
Ever, forever, relentlessly roll!



CARRIE.

I send thee this flower to die on thy heart,
As die all my pleasures when we are apart:
If time were not lagging and distance so long,
My lips should shed kisses in place of their song.

For, waking or sleeping, I think but of thee;
My body is chained, but my spirit is free;
And the miles that between us their dreary
lengths trace,
The feet of my wandering fancy efface.

Come! meet me in chaos, where none may define
Our relative status—earthly or divine—
Where we may commingle our two souls in one,
And, together, fly back where Love's rule was
begun.

In a beautiful bower built of lovers' soft sighs,
All begemm'ed with jewels of lovers' fond eyes,
While millions of loving hearts vigilance keep,
The voice of the ages shall sing us to sleep.

And, Carrie, we'll sleep till the blush of that day
When the walls of eternity, melting away,
Disclose to our waking eyes treasures so bright,
That the glory of heav'n will seem darker than
night.

TO A FACE BEHIND A FAN.

(A Fragment.)

Immortal God that holds the skies
Just one brief grasp beyond our eyes,
And makes a face still half-concealed
More poignant than the charm revealed;

Possess me of thy nameless power
That paints the glory of the flower,
And help me find, beneath its mask,
The true soul, laboring at its task.

In beauty unknown value lies—
More priceless are the velvet eyes
That linger fondly in the thought,
Than all the wisdom ages taught.

Why tremble when the heart is grieved
With dread misfortunes unrelieved?
Forever beauty's tear-wet eye
Cries shame upon the unborn sigh.



HER WEDDING NIGHT.

O the red blood seeks her damask cheeks
As the orange blossoms lie
On her hair of gold, so softly rolled
Above her beaming eye!

And her lips are sweet to lips they meet
In welcome and good-bye;
But the stars of old gleam far and cold,
And a new love lights her sky.

To her chosen mate—her untried fate—
Her smiles no fears betray:
All the night before, with close-latched door,
She kneeled to cry and pray.

What man who sleeps while virtue weeps,
Can know a maiden's shame
When she gives away 'twixt night and day
The vestige of her name?

From home of wealth, or rustic health—
Which, matters not the least—
So soon to go for weal or woe,
Makes sad the wedding feast.

Through portals lit by friendly wit,
She passes to the night,
Whose waiting shades fall round to aid
And hide her blushing flight.

There, spent between doubts sere and green,
That swell her bosom's throb,
With trustful eyes and restful sighs,
Her lips forget their sob.

THE LOST DREAM.

Ah, dream, why didst thou tempt me;
Why taunt me with the gleam
Of unattainable beatitude,
That real—too real—didst seem?

Alas! 'tis gone forever;
Forgotten—past—a blank!
That dream that haunts dim recollection's void,
And left my forehead dank.

I fain would sleep again;
And search in dreamland's caves
For this buried treasure that escaped
The mind's wrecked architraves.

O God! is life a dream;
And dreams the truer life
That, free from self-conceit and interest,
With purport grave is rife?

Lord, let me ne'er wake;
But, dreaming, lie content:
The hours I pass unconscious of my will,
Are more than idly spent.

Who knows what influence
Each half-remembered vision
May not have upon our tensile thoughts,
When time wipes out division

Between the world of dreams
And facts? Yet why endeavor
To summon back the dream departed, when
Perchance 'tis lost forever?

DOROTHY.

Oh, ye gods! be patient; be patient—now she comes!

Beware! beware! Your thrones shall fall—her footsteps heaven hums!

Her face is like the morning; her hair is like the night:

Oh, bend the knee, ye conquered gods! bend to her presence's light!

Oh! do ye hear her heart beat? Oh! do ye see her form

Bright-looming through the mystery of passion's loving storm?

There is no dream of mortal, there is no speech of god,

That, trembling in vain utterance, can half her grace applaud!

And yet poor *I* adore her—she whom the gods alone

Are privileged to worship, low-kneeling at her throne!

What dream is this that blinds me? What joy is this that cries

High and low and to and fro, and streams from her dear eyes?

Oh, tears! if you must part me! Oh, sighs! if you must well

From out my pulsing bosom; go and her sweetness tell!

WHEN THE LAST KISS IS GIVEN AND
LOVERS MUST PART.

The last kiss of parting
Lies cold on my lips,
Where its fragrance exhales
All the sadness that slips

Like a soul to the grave,
Deep down in my heart,
Where hath Death left his sting
And regrettings their smart.

Oh! why must our loved ones—
Like blossoms of May
'Neath the blasts of December—
Fade slowly away?

Why have we no magic
Decay to defy;
To bring back the glances
Of love to the eye?

As we fondly adore,
Just so sadly we weep
O'er the cradle by which
We our lone vigils keep;
And the night hides our tears
As the day sees our joy;
For happiness ever
Has pain in alloy.

Yet the head that lies hoary
With frost of the years,
In the calm of the coffin
Disproves all our fears,



For a touching refinement
Spreads over the face,
Whence the wounds of the world
Have stolen their trace.

The voices that once
Wove a charm for our ear,
Though now silenced forever,
Are hovering near

In the green recollections
We cherish so dear,
That the forms so long buried
Seem still with us here.

Oh! far be the hour
When remembrance shall cease
To call back the children
Who prayed at our knees;

Then with dream-eyes diffusing
Faith's heavenly light,
And soft arms round our necks,
Kissed us sweetly "good-night."

Then perish the grief
That can find no delight
In the treasures of memory's
Mellowing flight.

When the last kiss is given,
And lovers must part,
Oh, think not of digging
Love's grave in the heart!

IF I HAD THOUGHT.

If I had thought your love could lie,
I'd ne'er have let my virgin eye
Rest on your charms, in simple faith,
Where all love's dreams their madness trace;

My heart should ne'er have been exposed—
Its passions chilled e'er half disclosed.
I thought your lips the holy leaven
My soul should taste and scoff at Heaven;

I thought your neck the regal tower
Where sweet oblivion marked the hour;
I thought your breast the sacred choir
Where no emotion sang for hire;

I thought your waist was made to hold
By arms whose strength their worship told;
I thought your thighs were molded pure
By Grecian hands, 'neath eyes demure;

I thought your knees could never bend
To kings or gods, nor courage lend
To that base mind which thought to *steal*
One smile from you, that e'er was real;

I thought your feet were made to tread
Those paths of love whence doubt had fled:
But, oh! my heart was too replete
To lay its treasures at your feet!

And you forgot such treasures given,
Though dross on earth are gold in heaven.
Begone, cold maid! I would not give
One pang I've felt, that you might live

To learn the worth of love unsought,
That once was in your meshes caught,
Too late, at last, you'll wake to crave
A love whose truth defied the grave,

But, unrequited, drooped and sighed
Its life away below your pride;
Alone to suffer—to enjoy—
The pains of love without alloy.

Where now, false one, is all your boast?
Your vaunted charm is but a ghost,
Forever haunting every hour
That taunts you with your vanished power.

THE MYSTERY.

We were four friends ; our hearts were gay ;
We'd wandered from the painful way ;
And late at night sat ling'ring long
O'er sparkling glass and merry song.

When all at once our hearts stood still ;
'Neath terror's shroud the buried will
Lost all its power ; and dimly lit
Did wafted spirits intermit.

And, though our eyes were open wide,
They saw not ; but the soul espied
Through its clear windows such a sight,
As never came before by night.

Four angels stood in pure array ;
Four devils barred their peaceful way ;
And on each angel face there grew
The likeness of the loves we knew

In each his manhood's earliest days,
When passion touched us with amaze ;
And in the face each devil wore
We read our errors o'er and o'er.

So near those seemed, yet these between
Forbade approach, malignant spleen
Portrayed upon each hideous face,
In which no pity left its trace.

And each of us, with one accord,
Made mental peace with his own Lord,
In vain attempt to brush aside
Past evils and revenging pride.

Yet naught availed till heavenly love
Descended, and in anger, drove
The demons from their vantage ground ;
While in the air and all around

There came the sound of music sweet ;
To make the vision more complete.
And toward us, on unmoving wing,
The lovely visitants did swing.

And nearer still the angels drew,
And o'er their forms a halo threw,
Till in our hearts they vanished quite :
Then out into the starry night

Each man unconsciously essayed,
And on the graves of dead loves laid
The flowers of his fond regret,
That lingered, all unfaded, yet.

EMELINE.

Tall and stately, hearts beguiling,
Eager suitors round thee smiling;

Just a bending of thy head
And another's peace hath fled.

I've no gold to match thy beauty;
Love for me must do wealth's duty.

Gold has power, but hope has genius
Safe to bridge the gulf between us.

Destined only to observe thee,
In my thoughts I daily serve thee,

Wireless telegraphy
From thy heart embold'ning me.

Dost thou think because I'm simple
I've gone dafty o'er thy dimple?

No, indeed, I'd not content me
With such meager measure lent me.

I must have thy utmost being,
All thy inmost treasures seeing:

So wilt thou then learn to love me
For the faith that soars above me,

Lifting on its dauntless wings
All the gifts my poor love brings.

Take my humble sacrifices
Rich in coin of love's devices;

Let me be but ever near thee,
Slow to grieve and swift to cheer thee.



THOSE PLEASANT HOURS.

The pleasant hours I have spent
Fond memories to me have lent;
Though withering in their swift decay,
They have not borne my thoughts away.

I think, and thinking, long in vain
To have those hours back again.
'Tis not to be: oh, cruel fate!
Man masters not his own estate.

And yet, to linger where those charms
Once held me in their blissful arms,
Is joy enough; and sweet content
In each transporting vision's sent.

Ho! mortal, with prophetic eye!
Look on this happiness, and try
To wish me greater—can there be
A Nile queen for my Antony

More lovely, loved, and wanton-wild
Than my voluptuous fancy's child
Like lilies on the silent pond
That move not toward the stream beyond?

Not to the swift the race is given:
The stillest clouds float nearest heaven:
The slowest river guards the stone:
The rarest flowers bloom alone.

LUTIE.

Dearest of dear girls,
 Staunchest of hearts,
Love from your soft curls
 Speeding his darts;

Lips full of meaning
 Tempting the kiss,
Eyes that are faithful
 Lavishing bliss:

Can any blossom
 Cling to the bough
After the summer
 Fadeless as thou?

Can notes so dulcet
 As thy sweet voice,
Cry from the harp-strings
 Of minstrel's choice?

God made thee lovely;
 Love made thee kind;
Who made thee dauntless
 No one's divined.

Words have no language
 Fit to convey
Half that I long for
 With you away.

Dear, how I love you!
 Flower and song
Sing you and scent you
 All the day long.

Stars beam no brighter
Than your true eyes;
Burdens grow lighter
When you surprise

Sadness in mine, love:
Oh! how my heart
Yearns for your arms, sweet,
When we're apart!

So may we wander,
Loving and brave,
Down through life's valley,
Clear to the grave.

WHEN SCOT FORGETS HIS MOTHER-
TONGUE.

A TOAST.

(Written for the Fifty-fifth Annual Banquet
of the Illinois St. Andrew's Society, at Chicago,
November 30, 1900.)

When Scot forgets his mother-tongue
Long, doubting years have tried
His fealty, and cruelly
The fates have scorned his pride.

Can he forget, then, even yet,
The heather and the blooms,
The thistle of his boyhood's days,
The winds that o'er the tombs

Of Scotland's brave, departed sons,
Sing glories of the past
To hearts that grieve till friends relieve
Their memories at last?

Ah! would man lift to fading lips
A rose that sought decay?
Has Scotland ever raised a hand
To drive her sons away?

St. Andrew's been our patron saint
These fifty years and more;
The lock we once saw, dark and thick,
With silver's sprinkled o'er.

But still our hearts are young and blithe,
And year by year we meet,
In sweet forgetfulness, to seek,
And worship at her feet,

Dear Scotland's goddess—fellow-love—
From angry passions riven:
To our adopted country, drink!
To Scotland! and to Heaven!

LOOKING THROUGH A LADY'S SHUT-
TER.

Looking through a lady's shutter,
"Heaven is fled to earth!" I mutter;
"Can it be that my poor eye
May such lines of grace espy?"

Rising from her bed of ease,
First I see her dimpled knees
Straighten o'er her dainty feet
That, treading, make the floor grow sweet.

Bending o'er, her loosened hair
Breaks in locks of black despair;
Then, in all her regal height,
As sunbeams part the shades of night,

Forth she stands, a goddess, drest
In her pure draperies of rest,
White as wings of angels driven
By ethereal winds of heaven.

Now she doffs her raiment: dare
Man gaze upon a form so fair?
Why did God design to fashion
Charms that blind the eye with passion?

But this glimpse of fields Elysian,
Maddening the tottering reason—
Just a glimpse, that makes me doubt
What my senses are about—

Quickly disappears, as tresses
Deftly binding, swift she dresses;
One by one those nameless things
Passing, cloudlike, o'er her wings;



Till she is an angel still,
Who must all one's being fill,
But in garments, soft and queenly
All appealing to him keenly.

This is *all* that through the shutter
I could see—no lips can utter
Rhapsodies that half explain
How I'd love to peek again!

OUR SISTERS-IN-LAW.

Staid lady of matur'ed charms,
And voice all tremulous with the years
That soft have touched the sweetest chords
That ever melted song in tears;

And hair of wistful, silv'ring sheen,
That lends a halo to the face
So long belov'ed for the thoughts
That on it all their beauties trace;

Or matron mild whose blossomed love
Twines round dear, helpless baby forms,
Or o'er some little grave at night
Cries softly to the God of storms;

How many eyes have closed in sleep,
To dream of loves that died in waking?
Ah! that long loneliness of heart,
When with love unrequited breaking!

Oh! youthful maid, of love afraid,
Surprising in your vernal bloom,
In whose brown hair and cheeks so fair
The coldest one could fear his doom;

Why should we be so happily
Repaid for maritaged care,
And you, all lonely, bear the blast
That withers your soul's roses there?

Why should our meals be garnished rich
With love and plenty, when your fate
Is but to shiver and despair,
Outcast and single, at our gate?

I bow my head before that source
Of poverty, pain, wealth and health—
Unworthy I, who dare not be
Full grateful, but give thanks by stealth.

Yet dearly loved as earth of God,
You all, dear sisters, shed the rays
Of pure, unselfish sympathy
Upon our sorrow-darkened days.

Forever blest with kind unrest,
You minister to us in need
With heart and hand—nor question ask—
Sweet charity your only creed.

We hear your voices on the stair,
Our children's laughter in the garden;
Instinctive gratitude is sown
In hearts no chilling world can harden.

CATHERINE.

My pen must falter when it tries
To draw thy loveliness on paper.
'Tis not thy forehead, nor thine eyes,
Thy winning ways, nor waist so taper;

Nor does thy wisdom nor thy wit
Explain the touch that makes us start:
All these were wondrous, were it not
So plain they fade before thy heart.

When beauty, on thy pearly cheek,
Throws out its signal of alarm,
No red rose in its rarest bloom
With such a blush the eye may charm.

Heav'n preordained thee, and no sage
Has yet been sent to tell us why
Some birds survive to sing and love,
While others, silent, loveless, die.

What is this charm that holds us so;
That wants no reason, lets no fear
Nor doubts assail us, while we may
Behold and worship and be near?

'Tis but the heart—the Christ-born heart,
That yearns toward all, and suffers none
To go unloved: 'Tis ever thus
The reverence of the world is won.





SHALL WE MEET?

(A Song.)

Shall we meet; shall we meet
Where the bright waters greet
The decline of the amorous sun?
Time is fleet; time is fleet!
But it lags with slow feet
Where true hearts to love's trystings still run.

Just a kiss! just a kiss,
Which you never will miss,
But I'll cherish so longingly aye!
O the bliss of that kiss!
O the bliss of that kiss
Ne'er can fade like the flowers of May!

Refrain:

Sweet dear! dearest sweetheart!
How I love you! How I long
For the hour when mem'ry kisses
All the charms that round you throng!

WHY MUST WE FORGET WHEN WE SHOULD REMEMBER?

Why must we forget when we should remember,
Why must we remember when we would forget?
The roses of June are the dreams of December;
The snows of the winter in summer gleam yet.

The loves that are dead fill our souls with their
presence;
The joys of today are soon wasted and fled;
The sorrows we mourned, now a purified essence,
Are cherished, transfigured, by memory fed.

The face that we once thought the sweetest from
Heaven,
In the cold of the grave seeks its slowly decay;
But the heart that was true, aye from earthly
faults riven,
In the still of the night bears our longings
away.

What we have we will love but when time has
defeated
Our delinquent desires, that e'er blossom too
late;
And ne'er shall we heed, though so often re-
peated,
The lesson of life nor the teaching of Fate.

Then take to thy heart the delights of the hour,
And treasure no more vain regrets for the past:
The defects we now see, if regarded, will flower
In doubts and misgivings to shame us at last.

PEARL.

Cradled in some shaded creek,
Where no careless eye may seek,
Safe-ensconced in guileless shell,
Many a priceless pearl may dwell.

Seasons have for such a one
Naught of flowers and their sun,
Naught of winter's stinging cold;
Nor do fears of growing old

Feed upon its grace sublime,
That but glorifies with time,
Ne'er for aye to feel decay
Till the world has passed away.

Mortals must acknowledge all
Beauty has resistless thrall;
But *this* pearl does not compare
With another, far more fair,

That with soulful eyes and kisses,
Honeyed words and nameless blisses,
Warm as summer's sun-lit plains,
Warmer still when summer wanes;

Draws me as no pale pearl could
To the cottage and the wood;
There as lovers did, to do:
And this *rarest* Pearl is *you*.

TO MY VALENTINE.

The butterfly builds no nest,
And the kingbird has no throne;
But the butterfly's wings and the kingbird's song
Tell of you alone, alone!

I walk in the twilight's rest
When the stars for grief atone;
And the zephyr brings, the woods along,
In the nightingale's low tone:

"Be my valentine! be my valentine;
I will be yours; you shall be mine—
I love! I love! I love!"

I'll don love-wings of brightest hue
And fondly hover over you,
Like angels from above.

And may my sighs, like serpents' eyes,
Beguile your spirit, where it lies.

TOGETHER IN ONE BED WE SLEEP.

My little son, may angels keep!
Together in one bed we sleep;
And as we side by side recline,
His young heart throbs ahead of mine.

And every star that overhead
Holds watchful vigil o'er the dead
In distant splendor, seems to shine
Down on him with a ray benign.

Sweet child, who, from my being made,
Against my guarding heart hath laid
Thy little head, with face aglow,
At morning and when evening's low

And brilliant sunset gilds the gloom
Of the dread, melancholy tomb;
For thee I pray. Thy slumbers grace
The silent beauty of thy face.

Some things I've thought, and left unsaid,
Sometimes by rules been blindly led;
But O! fond parents, list to me:—
The myriad leaves that part the tree,

In the next season are replaced,
And nature's barrenness effaced,
By new leaves that no eye can tell
From those which from these branches fell;

But *one* dear child you've learned to love—
If *he* but dies, no power above,
Nor any miracle on earth,
Can mend your desolated hearth.

Those eyes that with their liquid hue
Made heav'n look pale and dull to you,
And magic smiles of infant might
That you, and only you, could light;

Where can you find their counterpart
In nature or inanimate art?
Take care, that when the time shall come
To break the solemn ties of home,

No mocking memories may rise
To cloud the future's untracked skies.
My wish is this: May I and mine
Together prosper or decline,

Together work, together play,
Together wander where we may;
Till underneath the grasses deep
Together in one bed we sleep.



SPES MEA CHRISTUS.

On the crescent shore of Naples' wave-kissed
sands,

In the sunny month of April showers,
I met a little maid whose hands
Were filled with wanton flowers.

There was something reverential in her carriage,
As the blooms stirred fragrant to her breath;
They were not suitable for marriage;
Nor were they meant for death.

Much engaged in speculation on their meaning,
I approached, and asked her where she fared,
Like a Ruth from floral gleanings,
With her round arms bared.

With holy eyes transfixing my enchanted gaze,
And hands raised slowly to the sea-blue sky;
"Spes mea Christus," low she says,
With soul-inspiring cry.

"What mean those lilies pressed against thy
eager face,
Sweet, dreaming child?" I gently asked her
then,
As with a slow and measured pace
She wandered on again.

"Spes mea Christus!" hast'ning with expectant
air
And arms extended, her young faith revels
In its own marvels—high and far
I heard the Easter bells.

"Spes mea Christus!" dropping on a dimpled
knee,
She kissed the flowers and crossed her dainty
arms;
And a deep hush came over me,
With all of memory's charms.

I saw the Christ arise again in majesty
From the dark coldness of his earthly tomb,
And change man's blackest tragedy
To a celestial doom.

I kneeled me down beside the simple, trusting
child,
Enrapt and of my presence unaware;
And all that tempted or defiled
My spirit left me there.

ON THE BANKS OF ST. JOE RIVER.

On the banks of St. Joe River,
Where the waves gleam cold by night,
And the dim trees seem to shiver
In a weird, unholy light;

I had laid aside my palette
As the flaming sun went down,
And the soft'ning shades of even
Threw their glamour o'er the town:

When the ever-growing silence
Of the empty woods and fields,
Wrought that mystic transformation
Which the dreaming spirit yields.

And the overhanging willows
Into eastern temples changed,
While the distant lights, like windows,
Through their swaying branches ranged.

The faint lowing of the cattle
Came like far cathedral bells,
And like melody the rattle
Of the pumping at the wells.

The tall grasses waving round me
Seemed like figures passing by,
And the oaks upon the hill-top
Stood like tow'rs against the sky.

The low ripple of the river
On the pebbly beach below,
Grew the lapping of the ocean
Where the lamps of Venice glow;

Though wild, restless, virgin waters
Fascinate and trouble me
More within their native fastness
Than where wedded to the sea.

The white ducks that, greed-belated,
Paddled homeward down the stream,
Were the sails of quaint fellucas
Floating slowly through my dream.

Now my thoughts, by time unfettered,
On the wings of fancy fly
To the land where sylphs unlettered
'Neath the vine and olive lie.

There I sigh again with passion
For that black-eyed, dark-skinned maid,
Who in such bewild'ring fashion
Her young charms before me laid.

So, the vibrant zephyrs, sighing
'Midst the foliage overhead,
To my memories replying
Like the voices of the dead ;

Tell again the golden story
Of when love to art appealed ;
And old scenes of youthful glory
In the gloaming stand revealed.

Pure ambition's dormant pulsings
Throb again within my heart ;
And the sun of conscious greatness
Shines again upon my art.

When the late moon tips the tree-tops
And comes flooding o'er the crest,
And the shadows rock and shimmer
On the river's purling breast;

I can see the Doge's Palace's
Long reflection in the tide,
Where strange boats, of many colors,
'Mongst gondolas gaily ride.

The bright clouds that pass, quick-scudding,
On their journeys 'cross the moon,
Are the domes of that fair Venice
Glist'ning o'er her bay at noon.

The hid nightingale's soft cadence
Wafted gently on the air,
A sad gondolier's love-lorning
But addresses to me there.

Where, oh, memory's thy repining!
Where, O time! thy heartless chain!
What alloy in this sweet cloying
Which here visits me again?

For the banks of St. Joe River
Have far vanished from my view:—
Of my darling days my darling!
I can see but you—but you!

Oh!—of my darling days my darling!
I can hear but you—but *you!*

THE DYING YEAR.

Ring bells! oh, ring bells!
For the dying year—
Dawn cometh swiftly;
Death low-hovers near.

Wake! O ye echoes
Of the days long o'er!
Harbingers mystic
Of days now before.

Though many flowers
Ne'er can bloom again,
Though many hours might
Brighter far have been;

Weep not; Oh! weep not!
Other buds will come;
New loves will blossom
In some fairer home.

Let no regrettings
Mar the peaceful close;
Wrap in oblivion
All your weary woes.

Dream on; Oh, dream on!
Through the misty past,
Mingling hope's smiles with
Mem'ry's tears at last.



TOASTS.

Here's to old friends cherished
And to new friends made :
Drink ! to the flowers of friendship ;
May they blossom ere they fade.

Here's to the maids who eat our bread,
And round our board contentment shed ;
Whose little mouths are never dry,
Yet begging always till they die :
May they not miss, in Heaven's cloister,
The ruby wine and juicy oyster.

Stay ! ladies, stay ! till night is o'er
And we can see to drink no more ;
Your wanton charms twine round our hearts,
As the grape-vine clings to the arbor's parts.

One more drink before we sever
Tend'rest ties that bound us ever ;
May their mem'ries leave us never,
While our hands can raise the glass.

To sunset skies and women's eyes
I drink, and toast their wonders ;
While love within me multiplies,
And all their beauty plunders.

Here's a toast to the ghosts of good fellows departed,
Who are with us in spirit, tho' absent in form :
Oh ! cold is the heart where regrets ever smarted,
Which wine cannot mellow, nor memory warm.

Here's to Spring's diurnal pansy,
At whose birth love drinks to fancy ;
Lip to lip, steal love's sweet potion
Hidden by the wine glass' motion.

When your lips are wet, you need not fret
O'er care's increasing weight ;
Do but lift the glass, and joys enmasse
To laugh to shame dry fate.

In cozy places lift the vases
From which nectar spills,
While pretty faces leave their traces
On unguarded wills.

Lift high the bowl, and let us quaff
To the pretty face with lips that laugh ;
To the eyes that melt with am'rous passion,
To drown in bliss the hopes they fashion.

Pass round the loving cup, and let
Each silly boy and gay soubrette
Their lips with binding nectar wet ;
So they'll remember to forget.

MIDST THE EVENING'S RED AND GOLD.

Where the glinting leaves of summer
are all dancing in the sun,
And the softly-suing zephyrs
come and kiss me one by one,
Underneath the slanting shadows,
where, breeze-blown, the grass is rolled,
I have builded me a temple
midst the evening's red and gold.

Its high dome is the blue heaven
stretching to the horizon,
And its altar is the green hill
I so fondly gaze upon;
Its choir is songs of birdlings
soaring homeward to the nest;
And in this fair, wild elysium,
all my troubles are at rest.

There are no invented pleasures
can successfully compare
With the myriad balmy odors
of the circumambient air;
And no half-remembered visions
from the past eternity,
That hold half the consolation
this dear temple offers me.

There the mavis and the nightingale,
with unrestricted lay,
Make melodious the vaulted woods
through all the night and day;
The clouds evolve strange pictures
from their ever-changing forms;
And the wind's long diapason
runs from soothing calm to storms.

Sweet nature is my preacher,
and her only text is love,
With her points illuminated
by the iris on the dove;
And the wild flow'rs nod approval,
while the bull-frogs croak "Amen";
And the brooklet laughs, "I told you so",
all down the verdant glen.

'Tis better far to lie and dream,
untrammelled and unknown,
Than to conquer men by tragedy—
to die upon a throne;
The narcissus and the hollyhock
more brightly deck the dell
Than could all the glittering baubles
hung upon the road to hell.

I can hear the wings of angels
hov'ring closely o'er my head,
Bearing back to Nature's worship
the forgotten and the dead;
And their petals drop the roses
and the yellow marigold,
Deeply carpeting my temple
with their streaming red and gold.

THE POET AT THE BANQUET.

'Twas a memorable occasion, and the poet was
sent an "invite,"
As a compliment from the rising sons to the
dreamers that dream by night:
The tables were spread where the roof o'erhead
was blazoned with stars of old,
And the waters flashed like diamonds, and richly
the night-birds trolled.
All the glitter and brawn of the city had in-
vaded the sylvan shore:
The women were walking fashion-plates; all the
men could handle an oar.
There the poet shook as with mortal fright, but
'twas not for fear the Muse
Might desert him in his unusual plight; but be-
cause he smelt hot goose.
Erewhile his longings are crowned with success
as the waiters all appear;
And the poet sighs, as, forlorn, he eyes, in place
of his sandwich and beer,
The luxuries of every clime heaped high on the
silver plate;
And as wassail bowl pledged soul to soul, he
simply ate and ate!
The mirth waxed warm; the impending storm of
encore awaited the joke:
But the poet had dined, and at leisure reclined to
simply smoke and smoke!
The wine went round; the poet's part on the
programme was last in rank;
But the poor man clung to the bottle's neck and
simply drank and drank!

At last the toast-master tapped the wood and
 o'er all there fell a hush,
 While the nightingale took up the tale of the
 peacefully sleeping thrush.
 Then the poet arose in his well-worn clothes, and
 gazed around on his friends,
 With that cheerful squint which comes by dint of
 the charm completion lends:—
 "Dear associates of this enchanted hour, I could
 love you all and repeat;
 Let the gods be praised and the dead be raised,
 for I've *once* had enough to eat!
 Your goose is fine, and as for your wine, 'twould
 make a poet forget
 He was a poet:—if you know where you grow it,
 there's hope for the poet yet."—
 All nature has smiled like a little child on the
 winsome graces here;
 The air is sweet, lambs cease to bleat, the moon
 is full and clear.
 The fire-fly gleams in the glimmering gloom, you
 can hear the night-hawk cry;
 The owl hoots in the haunted woods, and the
 whippoorwills all reply.
 The cool waves creep from the chilly deep, to
 break 'neath a starlit sky,
 And the zephyrs reap on the grassy steep where
 the fragrant flowers lie:—
 But the poet is lost to their numberless host; he
 has fallen down in his place;
 His eyes are closed as the unblown rose; no lily's
 as white as his face.
 And on it's a look such as none has beheld in all
 his long employ;
 While a bright halo's spread all around his head
 —for the poet has died of joy!

WINTER THOUGHTS

A PASTORAL



WINTER THOUGHTS.

(A Pastoral.)

The snow lies white on the frozen grass,
Where scurrying, fleet-limbed rabbits pass;
The chilled sun sets in a softened light,
And the faint moon hangs in the van of night.

The snow-bird plumes his frost-proof wing,
The smoke curls upward, ring on ring,
In the still air; no sign is seen
Of autumn's tints or the summer's green.

The flowers sleep in the shelt'ring mold,
And dream of the spring, when they unfold;
The bitter cold a requiem
Sings, vain and harmless, over them.

The children peep through finger-holes
On windows where Jack Frost unrolls
His works of art, more weird and true
Than artists e'er aspiréd to.

The ground-hog hides; the noisy duck
Has fled the freezing of the brook;
The robin, in a warmer clime,
Warbles of northern summer time.

The trees their bare limbs naked wave
O'er winter's birth and summer's grave;
The squirrel cracks his hoarded nut
In hollow oaks the fields abut.

At night the burning tree stumps throw
A fiery terror o'er the snow,
Till timid children drop their heads
'Neath the warm cov'rings of their beds.

No plow disturbs the hardened loam;
No stock the desolate pastures roam;
Horses in the closed stables rest:
The days with peaceful thoughts invest.

The plow boy trudges off to school;
Now learns to read and write by rule;
Ciphers slowly, makes love quick—
Cupid outstripping arithmetic.

The winter sports go on apace;
The apple and the maiden's face
Take on that blushing hue and glow
Common to both, by which we know

They're ripe for lips to press, the hand
To fondle, and the heart demand—
Tender the time when first-love lures
With its bewitching overtures.

The farmer's wife, with sparkling eye,
Prepares the succulent apple pie;
Happy to rule with gentle sway
When her lord from labor, brood from play,

At twilight wend their homeward way
Under the snow-cloud's quiet gray.
Peace reigns here, no recreant part
Straying from neglected heart.

Here every little woe is cured
By saintly wisdom, love-matured;
Here every little joy is blest
With finished duty's honest zest.





Troubles forgot, with mirthful noise
Celebrate the girls and boys:
Theirs the mild province, given of God,
To reap contentment from the sod.

The wood fire crackles on the hearth;
Its friendly glow fills all their earth;
Past enmities forgiven lie:
All evil passions childless die.

Such is the heaven contentment makes
Of sylvan shades and sun-swept lakes,
That every hour seems linked with fate
To crowd with riches man's estate.

Sorrow and pain must have their place
In the brief passing of each race;
But where they're met with sturdy pride,
Sorrow and pain may not abide.

At early dawn the farmers rise
And read the portent of the skies:
The victims they of all her freaks
When fickle nature vengeance wreaks

In summer, when the crops exposed
Show not as yet God's will disclosed;
In winter still the habit stays
To haunt the ease of idler days.

Oh! traveler on the briny deep,
By restful motions rocked to sleep,
Visiting points of fair renown,
Wand'ring the whole world up and down;

Your sleep is waking, visions mild,
Beside those of a country child!—
Beauty spreads transforming hands
Diversely o'er divergent lands;

But weaves no charm that can compare
With the plainest farm where children are;
Where woods and fields give all their wealth
To fill the bins of rustic health.

There the river laves its grassy brink
Where lowing cattle pause to drink;
The firefly lights his elfin lamp,
And all of childhood's fairies camp.

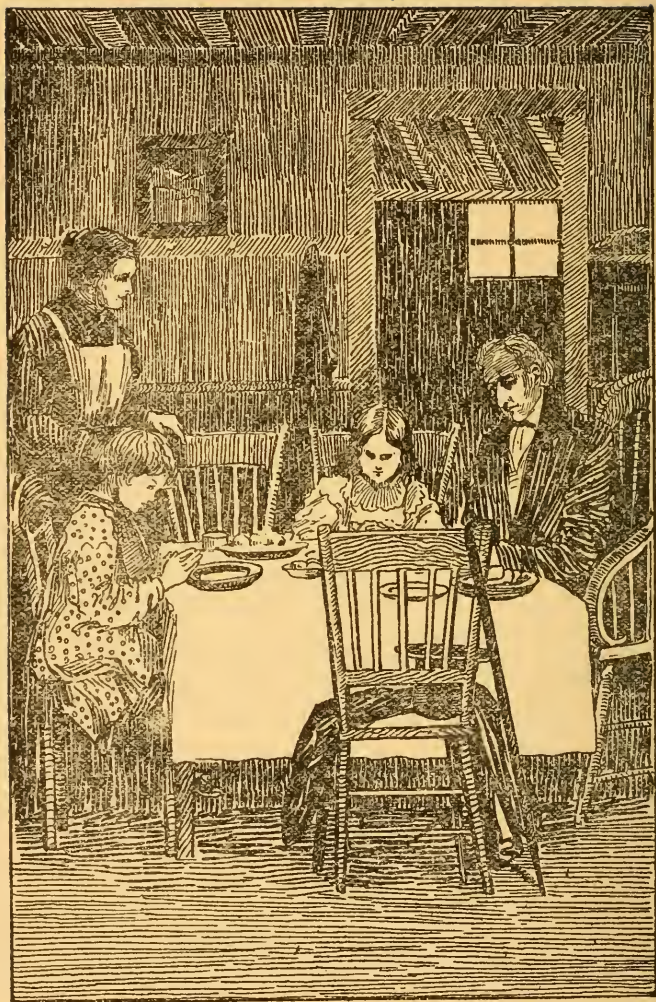
Thought lingers fondly o'er the scene,
And memory paints the picture green;
And shadows from that sunny past
Softens the way to the grave at last.

When the ice is strong the lusty shout
Of red-cheeked skaters sounds without;
And corn-silk, smoked in corn-cob pipe,
Betrays the youth of bolder stripe.

The church bells, on each Sabbath morn,
Vibrate across the standing corn;
Until 'tis husked; and then the tone
Carries along the void alone,

Tremulous with its message kind
To every list'ning ear and mind.
Solemn the sound: the answ'ring hush
Lures the shy partridge from the bush





Where rest her mates in safe retreat,
Far from man's sacrilegious feet—
A sanctuary of the snow
That only they and heaven know.

Oft when the preacher stops to dine,
With buttermilk in place of wine,
The children scarce can stay their knives
Till the long blessing's end arrives.

Many a time in after life,
Though victors in a city's strife,
They'd part with all their fame and might
To feel again that appetite.

Each cot contains its lovers' bower
Where smitten swains forget the hour:
Their hair-cloth sofas well suffice
For city stage of public price.

Young-love runs riot where there's naught
By which the mind or eye is caught:
The unfed sense that inward glances,
The graces of the heart enhances.

How cool the bloom on maiden's cheek
To lips that heavenly pleasures seek
In earthly angels full as shy
As any that patrol the sky!

He who in doubtings lays him down
In fertile fields or stagnant town,
And dreams not dreams of unwept joy
That never can the spirit cloy;

Should haste at once to city spire ;
There breathe a prayer, and quick expire—
Better the dead a thousandfold
Than they whose hearts no solace hold.

All men must die—*he only* lives
Who from his soul some rapture gives ;
Some thing of beauty leaves behind
'To glorify the rising mind.

Yet *village* churchyards, filled with stones,
With broken hearts and crumbling bones,
Differ in no way from those others
Which consecrate to city brothers

The little child that died unnamed,
The tomb that age and greatness claimed—
There all are gone, and linger yet
Naught but the ashes of regret.

Oh! could we but believe in time
What poets tell in nimble rhyme,
That joys are fleeting, and each hour
Records the death of some dear flow'r;

How sweetly would we love and weep,
And every mem'ry sacred keep
From cold disdain and thoughtlessness,
And every good intention bless!

Treasures of purse are but a snare
To lead us to temptation's lair,
And better a crust in homely peace
Than all the armored fame of Greece.





The farmer harnesses his team,
And down the hill, across the stream,
Takes his full sleigh of farm produce;
To bring back goods of household use.

With eager expectation wait
His wife and children at the gate:
No fairy gifts so rare as the
Unopened bundles' mystery.

The supper simmers on the stove,
Forgotten in this treasure-trove;
And exclamations of delight
Draw the soft echoes of the night.

Questions answered, team put out,
The children gather all about;
With laughter each draws back a chair,
Forthwith attacks the simple fare.

The farmer beams with conscious pride,
Well pleased his substance to divide
With those he loves; more blest to give
From his small store than to receive.

Boyhood and manhood, father and son,
Though separated, still are one:
The infant traits of female child
In future mothers are compiled.

Who can conceive on virgin brow
Maternal cares which preface now
The self-denial bound to come—
That love synonymous with home?

Yet new homes rise for everyone
That passes from us, as the sun
Its light continuously breaks
In new conceptions o'er the lakes.

Bed-time, that bugaboo of youth,
Undeniable, like naked truth,
Once in each day stops every mind
To virtue or to vice inclined.

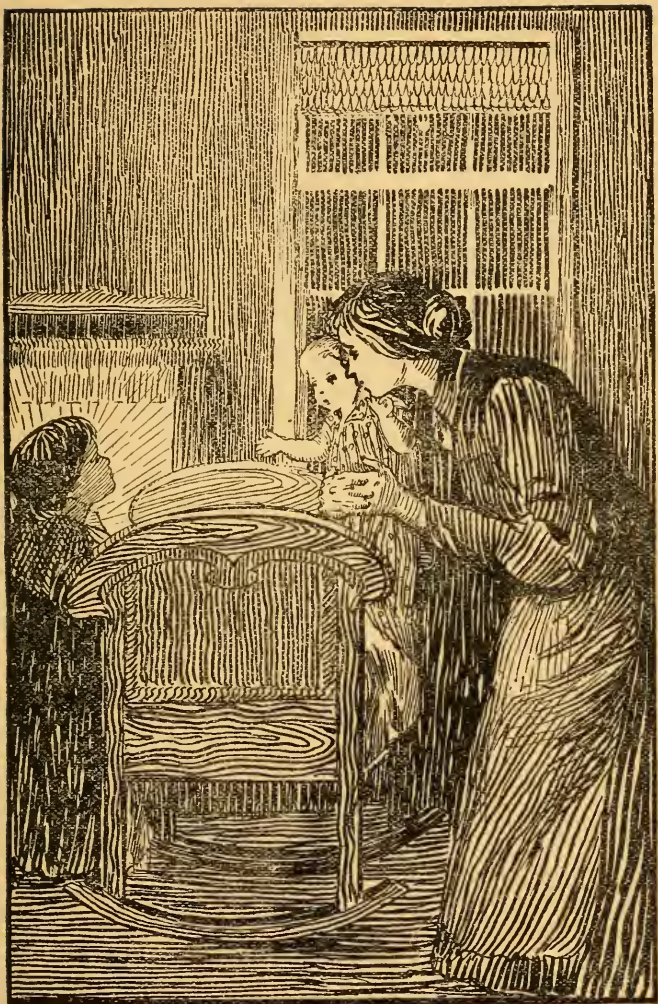
Oblivion temporarily
Claims animals of each degree:
Both man and beast its power own,
And leave their cherished plans alone.

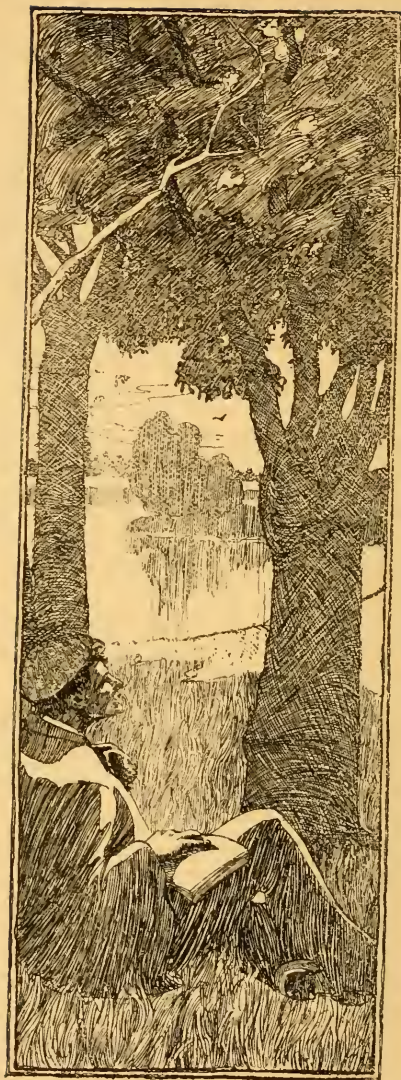
Thus on the farmer's humble cot
A darkness falls that darkens not—
When heaven descends, man's spirit flies
To mix the pigments of the skies.

For dreams are dreams; a thing apart
From any will of head or heart;
And blessed he whose soul can keep,
Unchanged, the sweet *repose* of sleep.

When sitting, manuscript in hand,
To write the virtues of the land,
A thousand mem'ries o'er me rush
To put my falt'ring pen to blush.

What brush can paint, what words portray,
The glories of each new-born day,
Differing like each single hair
Upon the brow of beauty fair?





What soul can hold, what heart define,
The splendors of sun-purpled vine?
As easily might one count the glints
The sun upon the snow imprints!

So, wordless and with dreamy mind,
Upon some verdant bank reclined,
How oft I've watched the magic change
Of Nature, through her endless range,

In ceaseless wonder!—When the stream
Reflects and ripples the bright beam
Of sunny noon-time; when the lark
Seems to fall downward with the dark;

When little stars come one by one
To hold their candles to the sun;
When the sad willows softly sigh,
And birds dream restless on the bough;

When katydids with soothing "cry"
To other katydids "reply;"
When the wild mammals roam the wood
For their precarious livelihood:

And man, alone, lord of the beasts,
Profanes night with unholy feasts—
Then, then! my heart, too full to take
All Nature's gifts at once, must break!

FINALE.

YALE, FAREWELL!

Dear old Yale, good bye!
I'll love thee while I'm living;
My heart outburns mine eye
In tears of parting giving;
Yet shall we meet where memory sweet
Entwines her charms about thee;
Though distant in some far retreat,
I shall not be without thee.

THE END.



JAN 13 1989

